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MR. CLEVELAND GOES FISHING.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 700.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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THE PINKERTON MEN.

THE lamentable occurrences at Homestead have drawn the attention of the country again to a singular phenomenon in our social development. We take it for granted that property is entitled to protection under the laws of the land; that when the organs of the law fail to afford that protection, the owner of the property has a right to protect it himself with all the necessary means; that he may employ persons in his service to protect it for him, and the he may hire other persons expressly for that purpose. Cases in which the organs of the law are not as prompt or not as vigorous in the protection of property as the owners desire, or as public order requires, being somewhat frequent, the employment of private means is correspondingly frequent too. The police is supplemented by private watchmen and private detectives, just as the street-cleaning department is supplemented by private sweepers. Private enterprise makes up for the delinquencies of our public service. In the same manner great manufacturing or transportation companies, when they get into trouble with their working-men, and wish to protect their factories or their docks or railroad stations or shops against encroachment by striking operatives, have fallen into the habit of calling upon a business firm that furnishes to order protection of property in the shape of armed men at wholesale or retail as may be required. This arrangement may do credit to American enterprise and invention, but it throws a singular light upon the state of American civilization.

The PINKERTON agency was originally established to afford private facilities for the detection of crime, the recovery of articles of property lost or stolen, and similar objects. This is a perfectly legitimate business, and it has, no doubt, rendered excellent service. When such an agency, in addition to this, also furnishes armed bodies of men for the defence of factories or railroad shops in case of trouble between employers and working-men, it assumes a different character. It becomes, in a large sense, a private military organization, keeping itself in a state of readiness to respond to a call into active service at short notice. It has a standing corps of experienced officers—captains and lieutenants—and a body of trained privates large enough to form the nucleus of a little army. It has also its recruiting agents, and, if we may believe the testimony of some of the men recently enlisted for the Homestead expedition at fifteen dollars a week, with the promise of "a good time," the recruiting officers offer to adventurous youths blandishments not unlike those which the gay recruiting sergeant of the British army employs so skilfully. In this way an armed force of several hundred men may quickly be set on foot to serve ostensibly as the *posse comitatus* of some officer of the peace, as deputy-sheriffs or deputy marshals, in any part of the country, but really being in the pay of some rich man or corporation, to do such watching and marching and fighting as the interests of the employer may require.

Whatever may justly be said in favor or even of the necessity of such an arrangement under existing circumstances, it will not be denied that it has a distinctly mediæval flavor. It strongly reminds us of the *condottieri* in Italy, and of the *Landsknechte* in Germany, who hired themselves out, and fought more or less bravely on whatever side of a contest they found the best pay and the most tempting booty, without taking the slightest interest in the merits or demerits of the cause they fought for or against.

It would, no doubt, be doing injustice to PINKERTON and his men to put them upon the same level. But it is by no means improbable that, if the state of things continue which furnishes employment for such a force, the financial success of the PINKERTON agency will stimulate the spirit of competition, and we may before long have several organizations of the same nature in this country ready and eager to engage in any enterprise of private warfare that may offer itself. Indeed, it does not require an extraordinary flight of the imagination to fancy two of our great railroad corporations contesting the control of some district of territory, and employing two different private armies to win by force what cannot be won by peaceable means. Nor is it inconceivable that the very existence of such organizations might tempt reckless persons, who have money enough to employ them, to engage in desperate undertakings which otherwise they would not think of. It may be said that so far the PINKERTON agency has never permitted its men to be employed in unlawful enterprises, and that it would not take any engagement of an unlawful character. All this may be admitted. But if such organizations should multiply, it is not at all improbable that some of them would in great part be composed of adventurous spirits inclined not to be over-nice in examining the character of their jobs, and that thus a congenial employment might be furnished to the most dangerous elements of society.

The main point, however, for the consideration of the American people is that we cannot admit the necessity of having and employing such an armed force as the PINKERTON men without confessing to a condition of things amongst us which we must be ashamed of. That in the young settlements of the far West, where the legal relations between man and man have scarcely taken a definite form, and where self-help in the largest sense is still the order of the day, something like private war should occasionally be resorted to for the determination of disputes is not astonishing. But the confession that in some of the oldest, richest, and best-ordered States of this Union the enforcement of the laws can be so little depended upon that a resort to mediæval contrivances becomes necessary for the protection of property or of any other right is humiliating in the extreme. It is said that sometimes political considerations stand in the way of the enforcement of the laws. If that be the case, then it is high time that politics be reformed in accordance with the elementary requirements of civilized society. A truly civilized community will not have to look to a PINKERTON force to do under private pay that which is obviously the business of the regularly constituted authorities.

CYRUS W. FIELD.

THERE was a time, some twenty years before his death, when CYRUS W. FIELD received the popular meed of his great achievements, and, happily for his memory, that time has come again. Mr. FIELD was, without question, the greatest business genius of our times. He did not, it is true, accumulate one of the enormous fortunes that distinguish and reward the modern speculator. In the days of his popularity he was one of the richest men of the metropolis, but his largest accumulations fell far short of the enormous fortunes that have grown by prudent management of inherited estates or by shrewd manipulations of the stock market. When the city was most interested in Mr. FIELD's efforts on Wall Street, his wealth was never estimated to be greater than $10,000,000.

Mr. FIELD's greatness as a man of business rests upon his achievements for civilization. For these he will be remembered long after many of his contemporaries will have been forgotten but for the riches left behind them in the hands of heirs and successors that bear their names. His fame was gained by solid and successful efforts in behalf of humanity. A friend who dwelt among those who were nearest to him said of him, the day before his death, "He is one of five or six living men who have done something for civilization." Perhaps it may be added that at the time of his death he was the living man who had done most for civilization.

JOHN BRIGHT said of him that he was the COLUMBUS of the nineteenth century, for he had moored the Old World alongside the New. Upon that achievement his fame chiefly rests. The possibility of establishing electrical communication between Europe and America under the Atlantic Ocean was the dream of other men before the thought was born in Mr. FIELD's brain, but when it possessed his mind it became a project possible of realization. It was in 1854, when Mr. FIELD was thirty-five years old, that he accepted the laying of the Atlantic cable as a practicable business enterprise, and determined upon its accomplishment. At thirty-five, when most successful men are only assured of the probability of gaining their ends, Mr. FIELD had accumulated a fortune, and was able to convince capitalists of the feasibility of a scheme that appeared chimerical to most men of affairs. Here was the genius that gives to men the power of inspiring others. It was the same order of genius that enabled COLUMBUS to turn the minds of FERDINAND and ISABELLA, in the midst of their rejoicing over the expulsion of the Moors from Granada, to the speculative undertaking which resulted in the finding of a continent.

Next was shown the genius of patience, endurance, industry, and prophetic assurance. In four years the cable was laid, and messages passed between England and America. Suddenly the current ceased to flow, the cable was broken, but the fact that telegraphic communication was possible had been established, and Mr. FIELD's prophetic vision was unclouded and his will was unbroken. The problem of the Atlantic cable had been solved, and for nearly thirty years, thanks to his faith and energy, Europe and America have been in hourly communication with each other.

It would take volumes to recount the great results that this man thus accomplished, how much he did for commerce, how much for friendly intercourse between the nations, how much for civilization. Now that he is dead, we remember the splendid processions, the homage of two continents, the eulogies of the leading men of England and the United States, the stimulus to universal progress, which greeted and followed the successful termination of his labors. We recall only the imaginative man of business and the humanitarian.

Once again that sure-footed imagination found a great field in the problem of rapid transit in this city, but this achievement is so far inferior to the earlier and greater one that it does not add to the lustre of his fame. The world will remember him as the man who made two continents one.

AN INTERESTING QUESTION.

A VERY interesting question is before Congress and the American Bar Association, arising out of the unfortunate massacre of the Italians in New Orleans. The relations between this country and Italy were strained nearly to the point of war. Diplomatic intercourse was not discontinued, but Baron FAVA, the Italian Minister, was recalled.

The issue in the controversy arose from the conduct of the mob that broke into the New Orleans jail and killed the Italians who had been arrested for the murder of the Chief of Police. For everything done by the people of the city, and for everything done or left undone by the government and courts of the State of Louisiana, the Federal government was responsible to Italy. The men engaged in the outrage were acquitted, and this government recognized its moral responsibility, at least, by paying a small sum of money to surviving sufferers.

The question before Congress and the Bar Association's International Law Committee is clear. What remedy is there for a condition of law, international and domestic, under which the United States are responsible to a foreign government, even to the point of war, for the acts of the people and courts of a single State? It is an interesting and important question, and one in which the whole country is concerned.

The refusal of Virginia to pay its foreign bondholders in accordance with the terms of the original agreement, or the inability of the Louisiana courts to convict the persons guilty of the murder of the Italians, might have occasioned war. The United States would have been obliged to maintain the war, to pay its cost in money, and in destruction of life and property. Assuming for the purposes of the argument that Virginia and Louisiana were wrong, nevertheless they would have borne only their proportion of the losses and afflictions of battle. They would have caused the trouble, but the United States must have borne the burden of defending all the States for the wrong of one State.

It is proposed in such a case as that of Louisiana that the Federal courts shall try citizens for certain crimes against aliens. The argument is that if the Federal government is to be held to answer by a foreign power for a failure of justice, it should be its justice and not a State's upon which the failure is chargeable; that the general rule that responsibility must be accompanied by power should apply here as elsewhere; that causes on which depends so much of moment to the nation should be tried in the nation's tribunals; and that the danger to the common interests of local prejudice and passion should be avoided.

On the other hand, it is contended that in the Louisiana and like cases the breach of the law is a breach of the State's law and not of the Federal statutes. The controversy, therefore, no matter what may be the nationality of the victims, is between the State and its own citizens, and the proposed law involves an invasion of the police powers of the State. There is no doubt that this objection is very strong, for it is in precise harmony with the fundamental theory of the government.

Aside from the constitutional objection to the bill, its advocates must rest their case on the unwillingness of the country to permit the courts or government of any State to be sole arbiters in matters for whose results the whole country may be held responsible in war.

A NATIONAL HIGHWAY COMMISSION.

MR. MANDERSON of Nebraska has introduced a bill in the Senate creating a National Highway Commission to devise and formulate plans for the establishment of a national school of roads and bridges, with branches attached to the various agricultural colleges and experiment stations; to consider whether in any part of the United States military or post roads might profitably be established under the supervision of a national school; to procure the exhibition at the World's Fair of the best methods and appliances for road-making; to provide for organized practical instruction in the art of road-making during the fair, free of cost, to all who may desire it; to collate the various recent State laws regarding highway improvement; to inquire whether any form of national aid to State highways is desirable and practicable; and to report generally on the subject of highway improvement. This bill commits the government to no specific plan, nor, indeed, to any action whatever in the improvement of the roads, and it is not, therefore, likely to meet with any opposition.

The National League of American Wheelmen—that is, the bicycle-riders of the country—meet in Washington this week, and the members will doubtless use their influence to secure the quick passage of this bill, which can do no harm whatever, but, on the contrary, possibly be fruitful of great good. In those countries of Europe where the best roads are maintained they have been built and are kept in repair under the supervision of specially educated engineers. Such a school in the United States as suggested by Mr. MANDERSON's bill would be most excellent, for, next to the apathetic feeling on the part of the farmers as to the importance of good common roads, the greatest difficulty in the way of securing better highways is the lack of knowledge as to how roads should be built and kept in repair. The amount of road tax collected and spent in the United States every year amounts

in the aggregate to an immense sum, and the greater part of this is at present entirely thrown away, and some considerable part worse than thrown away, for the roads in many instances are hurt, rather than improved, by ignorant methods of working them.

As pointed out in recent articles in the WEEKLY, it is of much importance that there should be an exhibition at the World's Fair where our own people could be instructed in road-making, and foreign visitors made aware that though we have bad roads in America, we are alive to the fact, and preparing to remove this reproach to our civilization and burden on our prosperity. The present bill, we believe, was prepared by General ROY STONE, of New York, a gentleman who has given much thought to the subject of road reform. In his remarks introducing the bill, Senator MANDERSON read a letter from General STONE, in which he argues that since the general government has extended aid and credit of some sort to canal and railway companies, national banks, agricultural colleges, and experiment stations, and since "it will presently guarantee the interest on a hundred millions of the bonds of a private company to build a canal outside of the United States," it will merely be consistent "in helping those communities which will help themselves in any part of the country to build roads that are necessary for the general welfare."

Congress has ample power under the Constitution to build national or post roads, and there are old precedents for such action. But the present bill might be properly passed even without these precedents. It is a step in the right direction, and if it becomes a law, will be another indication that the movement for better common roads will not exhaust itself in argument, but result in a reform that has been needed since the establishment of the government, but never so much as now.

BEFOULING THE BEACHES.

OF recent years much has been heard of New York as a summer resort, and the city has had unquestionably a great many pleasure-seeking visitors during the warm weather. There are more pleasant and cheap excursions to be taken from New York than from any other city in the world, and the most of these are on the various neighboring waters, or to the beaches near by. The Street-cleaning Department of New York has long been in the habit of emptying barges laden with street sweepings, garbage, and dead animals into the waters of the outer bay, and also, a little further to sea, off the coast of Long Island or New Jersey. These sweepings and this garbage and other refuse have a high fertilizing value, and should be put to better use than fouling the waters, filling the bay, and strewing the beaches with dead animals and other loathsome things. Contact with the bodies of dead animals and decayed vegetables has been so frequent at the most accessible of the beaches that many fastidious persons have long abandoned the practice of bathing in the surf at Coney Island, Rockaway, and the neighboring resorts. Certainly it is not pleasant while swimming to be borne down upon by the floating body of a dead horse, or to have the carcass of a cat strike the bather in the face while diving beneath a breaker. Yet such occurrences have been very frequent for ten years past.

Much floating refuse is washed ashore, and there it remains to decay and to impregnate the air with sickening odors. While these odors may not be a very serious menace to health, they do completely counteract any good effect that the sea-air would otherwise have. And they also constitute a nuisance plainly within the meaning of the law, for they are unpleasant and disagreeable, and a direct damage to property. Such nuisances have often been called to the attention of the New York State Board of Health, but that body has so far failed to correct the evil. New York city authorities are responsible for these nuisances, and New York merchants and hotel-keepers and other citizens of the metropolis are the chief sufferers by their continuance. It is gratifying to note that one of the highest city officials has just returned from a Long Island resort, filled with indignation at the practices of the Street-cleaning Department. These practices should be stopped at once, but the reform should go a step further, and all this refuse should be utilized to make more fertile the fields and gardens from which comes a large part of our food supply. Some of it now, to be sure, is consumed by fish, and returns to us in the form of sea food, but this is so small a part of the whole that it scarcely lessens the wanton waste.

THE DEFEAT OF FREE COINAGE.

IT was a striking and interesting spectacle that the House of Representatives afforded on Wednesday, the 13th of July, when the Senate bill for the free coinage of silver was brought before it. The galleries were crowded. Seats long vacant were occupied by members summoned in haste from all parts of the Union to take part in the closing engagement of a long and vexatious contest that had already sorely shaken one party, the result of which might easily have been fatal to the other. The most skilful and most determined leaders not merely of the two great parties, but of the various factions of the majority, were in their places and ready. Up to the hour of meeting, the friends and the foes of the bill alike professed the utmost faith—the former in its passage, the latter in its defeat.

The latter proved to be correct in their calculations. The bill was beaten, not by a direct vote, but by the action of a decisive majority in refusing to allow it to come to a direct vote. The struggle was sharp and exciting, but it was brief. The two Republican members of the committee, ex-Speaker REED and Mr. BURROWS, had agreed with the Democratic opponents of the bill (led by Messrs. TRACEY of New York, WILLIAMS of Massachusetts, and HARTER of Ohio) to head the fight against the proposition to take up the bill; they kept their pledge loyally, and were fairly supported by their party followers, only nine Republicans voting with the silver men. This course by the Republican leaders is deserving of hearty respect. It would have been easy for them to justify themselves in letting the bill come to a vote, and recording their party against it then. They would plainly have gained in this, that they would have embarrassed, distracted, and divided the Democrats, and would have made it obvious to the country that it was only by Republican aid that the bill was defeated in a House with an overwhelming Democratic majority. But this tempting policy was put aside, in great degree through the influence of Mr. REED, and the Republican strength was thrown promptly against the measure from the first moment. The result was not only a triumph for honest money, it was distinctly a demonstration of honest and patriotic politics.

The action of the House relieves the situation in a marked manner. Its influence on the pending canvass will necessarily be great, since it leaves the issue of protection and tariff reform clearly defined, and must render the verdict at the polls, whatever it may be, far more nearly decisive. But its effect upon the business interests of the country is much more important. It not only sets at rest all anxiety as to the enactment of free coinage by Congress at this session, but it renders such enactment practically impossible at the next session. It does more. It makes it extremely probable that the next time the currency issue comes up it will be by an effort to repeal the silver-purchase act of July 14, 1890. Indeed, the vote in the House on Wednesday was followed on the next day by the introduction of a bill by Senator SHERMAN providing for such repeal. The act of 1890 was a compromise, and an extremely dangerous one. It was the price paid to the Republicans from the "silver States" to avoid free coinage. So far as these gentlemen are concerned, the concession was wasted, for they have since done all in their power to force free coinage. The concession will hardly be continued. And the repeal of that act is an absolute condition precedent to a sound and safe currency system.

THE SOCIETY OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

IT is a curious fact, which must have come within the notice of many of our city readers, that while the comment of the journals on the recent convention of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor was respectful and even admiring, the tone of much of the comment made in private was distinctly cynical, and very little of it was wholly sympathetic. It was remarked of them, for instance, that it was hardly worth while for 30,000 young people to gather from all corners of the continent to oppose Sunday opening and the sale of liquor at the Columbian Exposition, and to urge Congress to prohibit these as a condition to granting an appropriation. The assumption, of course, is that this is all the convention did do. But this is purely an assumption. There is no ground for it; and since any one who took the pains to read the accounts published of the proceedings would have known that there was no ground for it, it must be added that there was no excuse for it.

There would be room for difference of opinion, if this had been all that was done, as to whether it was worth while. Sabbath-keeping, in a pretty strict sense, is still one of the virtues taught each week literally to millions of children and adults in the United States, while detestation of the liquor traffic is hardly less disseminated in Sunday-school and church. It is not an idle thing, it is certainly not a bad thing, for young men and women openly to avow and to advocate principle and practice that are taught them as virtuous, that are clearly not attractive in themselves, and that are not particularly popular. We may not agree with the convention's estimate of the importance of these things, and we may disagree with it as to the policy urged on Congress with reference to them. But the clear assertion of conviction, and zeal in advocating it and in securing action in accordance with it, are manly and womanly in themselves, and are encouraged by all Christian teaching.

As we have already stated, however, the question of Sunday closing and of the sale of liquor at the Columbian Fair, though it awakened great interest and caused some excitement, was not the only concern of this remarkable convention. On the contrary, it was but one of several, and not the most important. The most significant fact about the convention was that it was such an impressive demonstration in itself of the possibility of an intimate, active, effective union of various denominations from not only all parts of this vast republic of ours, but from so many parts of the world. Europe, Asia, Australia, and even Africa were represented in the great meetings that taxed the capacity of the three largest halls in the city. And all reports agree that the spirit of the meetings was that of harmony—not of negative but of positive harmony—of agreement not as to beliefs necessarily, certainly not as to denominational beliefs, but as to purpose and action. The title of the society indicates what these are. Is it nothing that 1,200,000 young men and women have united for Christian endeavor—that is to say, by mutual sympathy, discussion, and encouragement to make their own lives pure and faithful and helpful, and steadily as they may to influence in the same sense the lives of others? It seems to us that it is much, very much, and that there is no class, not even that of the cynical critics, that will not gain by it.

BRAWN AND BRAIN.

THERE is an excellent rule prevailing at Harvard University concerning athletics. It is that no student shall participate in intercollegiate sports unless he maintain a certain standing in his studies. He must prove by his college work that he is intellectually industrious, or he cannot become, or remain, one of the physical champions and heroes of the university. That the rule is enforced is proved by the fact that an excellent ball-player and a good oarsman lost their places on the nine and on the crew this year by its application.

The authorities of Harvard are as proud as any boy among the undergraduates of the athletic fame of their university, but they insist that athletics shall be subordinate to intellectual work. There is no incompatibility between excellence in each. The present chairman of the committee of the faculty on athletics was an excellent student, is now a distinguished professor, and was a famous second-baseman on the university nine. He never found that a strong and healthful body interfered with his mental work.

And why should there be any doubt of it? The Olympian races did not interfere with the progress of the Greeks in arts and letters. Alcibiades was a keen wit, an accomplished soldier, an astute diplomat, a skilful traitor, notwithstanding his superiority in manly sports. That boy ought to be a good all-round student who gets up early in the morning for a run and a swim, who sees the first sunburst of the day, catches the opening chorus of the birds, and inhales the sweet scents of dewy nature, who later in the afternoon brings all his physical forces into play, and retires early to bed to the sleep that refreshes a body pleasantly fatigued. There is an incongruity between excessive fatigue and intellectual labor, but none between temperate exercise and study, and therein lies the wisdom of the rule adopted at Harvard.

It may be that such a rule will sometimes result in the defeat of one university by the representatives of another where a different policy prevails. Whether or not the regulation obtains at Yale we do not know, but it can easily be seen that a college which permits any of its students to make athletics supreme may often conquer one in which sport is made subordinate to learning. But that is a small matter. Where sport is ruled by intelligence it will not flag, for it is good in itself, and under a system which insists on the sane mind, the sound body will find its proper place, and the old Greek ideal of temperance will be realized.

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A DAY AT GRAY GABLES.

WHOEVER takes a ride down the Woods Holl branch of the Old Colony Railroad will be sure to hear some one say, when the train reaches the station of Buzzard's Bay, "There's the house." And then heads will go out of the window, and there will be a solemn smileless gazing.

And there is the house, sure enough. It stands up against the sky, gray and clearly defined, looking to be not more than a mile away, although it can't be reached by less than four miles of road. Whose house? Well, that seems to be taken for granted on the cars. Nobody is supposed to be obliged to ask that question. Every one understands. It is assumed that every American citizen knows who it is that has made Buzzard's Bay famous, and has lifted it out of the peaceful slumbers of remoteness into the glowing light of national reputation. If you should speak the name of the owner of that long shingled pile yonder to one of the sentient heads that are moving about on craned necks by way of giving information, the solemn Yankee face would at once be made interesting and expressive through wounded pride. Perhaps not quite so unnecessary is explanation when, a half-mile further on down the branch road, the train stops at the signal of a flag, and a stout figure, with a browned face shaded by a soft felt hat, is seen standing alone at a cross-road, looking for a visitor who is expected by the cars. Yet the New-Englander is proverbially silent, and on the cape especially he is reserved and timorous of expression. The necks crane again, and while the glances are often furtive and very little is said, there is not one of these quiet folk who will not carry home a full, clear, definite impression of the ex-President's face and figure.

Gray Gables is a pleasant house, and it is most admirably situated for people who care little for the society of summer-places and a good deal for the sports and opportunities which nature bestows upon the sons and daughters of men. Buzzard's Bay must not be confounded with suburban Boston, with the North Shore or Cape Ann, with Manchester-by-the-Sea, or Beverly, or Cohasset, or the hundred and two other places whither the resident of the New England metropolis hies when he wants to combine tax-dodging with good air and a rural or semi-rural existence. When Bostonians invade a country-side, they take a good deal of lawn-mowed civilization with them. Buzzard's Bay is yet to be invaded.

A good deal of Cape Cod is to be discovered, and although Mr. Cleveland is not the Christopher Columbus of the spot, he is one of the early voyagers. He has a near neighbor, a half-mile off. Out of sight, over a hill, is a real resort, with hotels and small cottages, and Mr. Joseph Jefferson dwells two miles away, near enough to come over and fish with his friend when he grows tired of painting pictures. By reason of the lack of a bridge over Monument River, the way from Buzzard's Bay station to Gray Gables is three or four times as long as it ought to be. In order to accommodate Mr. Cleveland, who is likely, in New England phrase, to have "quite some" visitors during the coming weeks, the Old Colony road has established a flag-station at Gray Gables. The stopping-place is at a road running into the place, and is about a quarter of a mile from the house. It is as lonely a spot as a hater of his kind could wish, but there is a cool strength in the air which stimulates to exercise, and suggests the near presence of salt water.

The walk to the house is over gravel roads, through oak groves, and by fresh-water ponds filled with lilies. Mr. Cleveland's property comprises nearly all that can be seen. They are primitive people who dwell here. Their habits and methods are as simple as their daily lives. When the Gray Gables property was marked off from the next holding the boundary line was fixed, or rather suggested, by saplings that were bent so that the trees have grown up crooked, and no better fence seems to be needed. The growth of oak is young, and is apparently the successor of pine. A hundred acres constitute this estate. It was once cultivated after the fashion of the cape, and there was a cranberry patch, the prevailing orchard of the vicinage. It is abandoned by the new owner, who has also turned his back upon the chicken culture that was formerly carried on within sight and hearing of the house. The extensive chicken-house within the week has been transformed into a candidate's workshop, and here Mr. Cleveland expects to spend most of his time during the summer carrying on the enormous correspondence, which has already begun to assume formidable proportions. It will be gratifying to many of Mr. Cleveland's friends, who are familiar with his habit of writing his own letters, that he has at last succumbed to the necessity of a stenographer. He will do even more than he used to do in the White House, and will do it with much less labor.

That is, Mr. Cleveland hopes to do a good deal, and expects to be able to resist the tempting nature out-of-doors, but he does not anticipate a triumph without a struggle. As he says himself: "The boat is right before the window of the office. Whenever I look up I'll see it. I don't know, I don't know," shaking his head doubtfully the while. But when you are hoping or fearing, according as you are an industrious blasphemer of the beauties of idleness or the grateful recipient of its blessings, that his words mean what they say, you remember that he has a most obstinate habit of doing his work, and you know that the coming summer probably holds very little fishing for Mr. Grover Cleveland. When you get over to the house and see the two big piles of letters on a table in the "gun-room," yet to answer, there will come to you a still stronger realizing sense that the waters will glisten and that the fish will bite in vain so far as the occupant of Gray Gables is concerned.

Life at Gray Gables is very quiet thus far. It is a frank unostentatious country house. The living-rooms are in the second and third stories. The builder was generous with piazzas, and if it is too cold on the seaward side, it is warmer on the other. In the middle of the house is a great hall with a stone fireplace, and the stairs lead up to a gallery, the hall itself being two stories high. There is no pretence of decoration. Everything is shining pine, the walls and ceilings as well as the floors. There is no paint, no color but that of the yellow wood and the rough stone of the chimneys. There is a notable fireplace in the dining-room, a sunny apartment which Mr. Cleveland has added to the house, the notability being produced by rough undressed stone shelf and supports. There is elegance about this interior for comfort, and real comfort cannot be had without a certain amount of artistic luxury. The house is not a villa, nor does it suggest for a moment the giving of set entertainments. It is intended as a shelter for its owners, who intend to get out of the summer all that it has to give of health and pleasure.

Mr. Cleveland's life at Buzzard's Bay, so far as I could see or learn, is about as simple as modern civilization will permit. He is beginning to have some visitors who come from a distance, or from near at hand. The other day two men came from Alaska, while another came from the neighboring city of Providence. The neighbors, in their quiet New England dignity, treat him with great respect, and, without any distinction of party prejudices, are frankly proud of having him as a fellow-townsman. They showed that spirit of friendliness for him which the New-Englander instinctively feels for a neighbor, and that due regard for one who has occupied the highest office in the country. There is no enthusiasm, there is no familiarity. There is an almost absolute refusal on the part of those who come in contact with him to be anything but solemn. There is a good deal of *camaraderie* about Mr. Cleveland, and he enjoys friendliness. Therefore the solemn, dignified, self-guardedness of these excellent sailors and fishermen, maintaining always a wall between themselves and the ex-President, used at first to make life as gray as his gables. It is even said that he once threatened to discharge a skipper because he could not prevail upon him to laugh, in consequence of which he would frequently return from a successful day of fishing as blue as his catch.

Occasionally people drive up to the porch and stare at the house and its inmates with the unconsciousness of those whose ethical code is that they have a right to everything that comes their way. When such a man, or his wife, finds that he can look into the domestic life of an ex and a possible future President by simply staring, there is no rule of decency that will prevent the staring. But annoyances at Buzzard's Bay are the exception. It is an out-of-the-way place, and the immediate neighbors are not that kind of people.

Mr. Cleveland spends his day in talking with the people who happen to be about, in reading telegrams and letters, in walking about the place, in sailing in his able cat-boat, or fishing with the Jefferson's or some one else, or if he wants to fish and there is no other one to go with him, he fishes with his skipper.

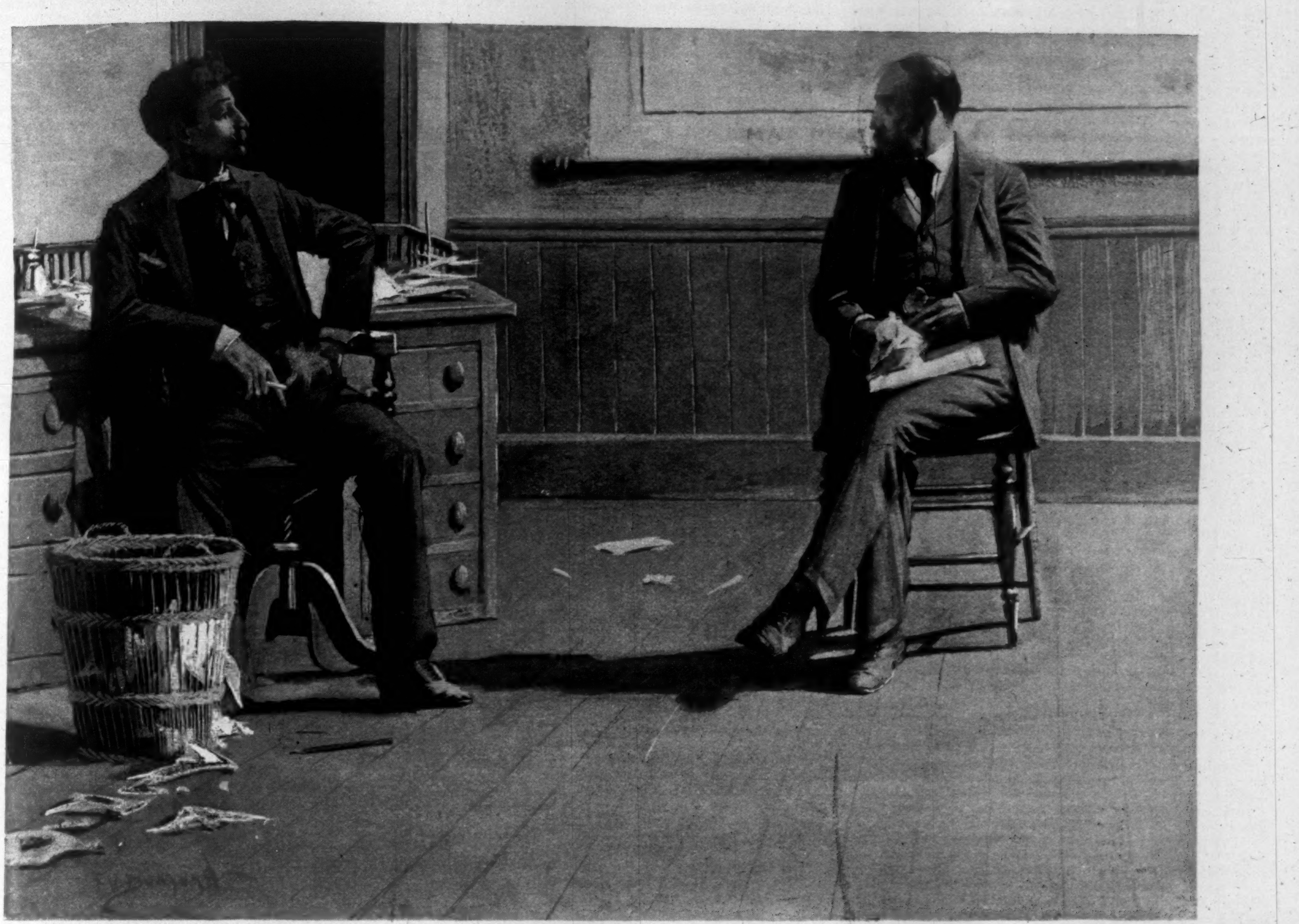
The house is on a point of land, the water of the bay coming well around the back, making a landlocked harbor. The Monument River comes into the bay here, and on the other side of the water are the wooded hills of On-set, dotted with more pretentious houses than are to be found on Mr. Cleveland's shore. To the southwestward the waters of the bay broaden out, and are broken by umbrageous islands. It is a wonderfully gifted place. Mr. Cleveland says that he has everything that he likes there. He has sea fishing, bathing, sailing, trout streams, black bass, shooting, and absolutely pure air and water.

Late at night, after the rest are asleep, Mr. Cleveland goes into his gun-room and writes. He has not yet got over his White House habit of writing letters from ten o'clock in the evening until two in the morning. It seems to be a bad habit, but Mr. Cleveland thrives under it, and as he sits on his piazza, or walks about his place, in old clothes, flannel shirt, and soft hat, he looks like the sturdy out-of-door man and strong character that he is.

GRAY GABLES, MR. CLEVELAND'S SUMMER HOME.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

I have said nothing about Mrs. Cleveland and the baby. I think that I may say for them that they are well and happy, thank you, but the less that is said of either of them in the press, the better will Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland like the writers. I have simply tried to give some idea of the agreeable quiet atmosphere that surrounds an unpretentious and thoroughly American country home, whose occupants pass the day like other healthful people of their kind, except that, now that the head of the house is one of the two central figures of the country, there is beginning to grow up an unusual amount of correspondence, an unaccustomed invasion of politicians, and much and intimate talk of what concerns a great political campaign. And yet all this business of statecraft is conducted with less fuss and fury than you will sometimes find disturbing the transactions of a small retail shop.

HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.



AN EARTHLY PARAGON.

BY EVA WILDER McGLASSON, AUTHOR OF "DIANA'S LIVERY."

XIII.

IT was four o'clock of the afternoon, and the sun falling on a great pile of stones beyond the freight-house made them look as if overlaid in gold-leaf.

The hollow hill-side west of the town, bristling with trees, was beginning to warm with the fires of fall. Ruddy clumps of leafage bulged here and there from the green, and the coarse sward had a sallow tinge, as if the soil was washing through. There was a twittering of insects in the warm air, and the sky was lightly stippled with little clouds.

Delk, standing in the door of the mill office, his hat over his troubled brows, felt a curious irritation at the sharp clang of a hammer, with which a man below the station was mending the switch.

The engine was back from its daily trip to Clingsville, its stack still oozing thinly with smoke. A crowd of men were examining two red calves, which a boy had driven to the drug-store steps. The little creatures stood quite still, their heads bent under a short yoke, their faces absolutely blank. From the lips of one a glassy thread hung motionless.

"Thet thar least one 'll make a mighty fine plough beast," said a man in the road. "What 'll your pap take fer him, Josh?"

Delk turned away from the bargaining which followed, banging the door. He stumbled against a package of iron which had come in for the mill, and knocked the heavy thing clear across the room. Then he lighted a cigar, and resolutely set about posting his accounts.

At a fumbling noise in the region of the door he glanced round, his expression of annoyance deepening as the man, stepping heavily over the threshold, revealed the figure of Rosetta Valley's father. Bylands, flushing along the cheek-bones, got off the stool at once, and stood waiting, his back against the desk, as if he braced himself.

The old man, his fine lips set strangely awry, pointed a shaking finger. "You dog," he said, hoarsely.

Delk straightened himself, looking pale. His eyes flashed. "Look out," he said—"look out what you say."

The other breathed so heavily his face was covering in purple splotches; drops of sweat shook on his forehead; and suddenly clinching his fist, he drew back, his figure seeming to shorten, as if the muscles knotted themselves for a mighty blow. For an instant he held off, as if he would have smitten the young man mortally. Bylands, in a swift foresight, saw himself go down under that swelling arm. He stood still, his own arms hanging; but when the old man let loose his hand, it was as if his strength had exhausted itself in the mere effort of preparation, and his blow, taking Bylands in the chest, fell feebly as a child's stroke.

It was Valley himself who reeled backward, dropping weakly on the bench along the wall.

"I 'lowed to kill you dead," he muttered—"breakin' my girl's heart—the sweetes' thing God ever made. I—I've seen her broodin' and failin', but I never got the sense of what was doin' till—till this mornin', you hound, you!"

"Mr. Valley—"

"Till I see you with the captain's niece; till my own eyes see what you was about."

"Damnation!" muttered Delk. "How have I got into this hole?"

"You've made her believe black is white—thet girl of captain's. Pore little soul!—pore little soul!—oh, Rosetty!"

Delk had a spasm of resentment.

"I have felt for some time that perhaps I was not just the man to make Rosetta happy," he began, trying to speak evenly. "I have wanted to have a talk with her—"

The old man stumbled to his feet. "Delk!" he breathed, "I—don't you—I'm sorry I strek you. I ain't in my right mind. Look you, Delk! I never laid off to bite the dust at no man's feet, but I—she's all I got left, Rosetty is. Don't you tell her thet—what you jest now said, about not bein' fitted fer her—don't you! She's ben lookin' porely o' late. I can't see her go like her maw—" Tears quivered over his eyeballs and choked his voice.

Bylands, filled with pity and shame and uncertainty, turned his back on the old man's struggle for composure.

"Thet thar lick I give you—"

"Oh, don't speak of it," said Delk, wearily. "I shouldn't have cared if you'd come in with a rifle and settled me. I don't know what to tell you. I don't know what to do."

Valley groped for the door-latch. He looked back, his breast heaving. "Thar's one thing, Delk—she's po'rful fond o' you, Rosetty is. If you go back on her, you'll be her death."

As he stepped out, he repeated, in a mumbling undertone, his eyes down, "She's fond o' you, Rosetty is."

XIV.

Selesty Wiggins was in the press of biscuit-making. It was on for supper-time, and an airy trail of flour led from the barrel in the pantry to the kitchen table, widening in a downy oval at Selesty's feet.

The dough was too thick, and she took up a bowl to get more buttermilk, crossing the room in a hopeless sort of gait, her elbows jerking aimlessly, her body setting loosely on the hips at each step. As she walked she kept flinging back her stiff short hair.

She gave a little start as Mrs. Lichens came bounding into the kitchen, exclaiming at the spilled flour.

"God knows how I git on at all, with waste and dribble on all sides! Ef you could git fellers out'n your head jurin' bakin'-time, I'd thank my Maker!"

"I hain't got no feller."

"Don't tell *me!* What did you cut thet thar bang off fer, hunh?—uck—uh! When a gyrl gits notiony 'bout the outside of her head, it's 'cuz some man is on the eenside. Don't put nare 'nother scrap o' lard in thet pan! I keep a hotel, Selesty. Ef folks wants home comferts, let 'em go where home comferts is. Any one thet's ben anywhere don't expect nothin' of a hotel." She looked about excitedly. "I like to fergot ez I came down fer hot water. Fill the big tin, and take it up to Sylvia's room, Selesty. The hot and cold water thet gyrl uses ain't natcherl," she added, solemnly. "I'm ez clean a person ez any one goin', and I hain't used the water in my hull life thet gyrl does in a week. It's a sin agin grace."

"She worshes her hair," put in Selesty.

"God help her! She'll ketch her livin' death one o' these days a-projectin'. Water," added the landlady, with a pious face, "hes never ben nigh *my* hair. I hope I realize thet I'm fearfully and wonderfully made. Ef the Lord hed wanted folks's hair to be wetted, He'd of furnished their heads with springs. I hain't nothin' but Scripter to go by."

"Miss Sylvia's hair's mighty soft and shiny," said Selesty, faintly, as one who does not propose to weigh an opinion against Providence.

"Law, well it needs be!" sighed Mrs. Lichens; "fer she ain't none too pretty, though I will say she's ez sof'-spoken a gyrl ez I wish to see. Thar's times when them wheedlin' ways o' hern don't ketch me jest right. I always 'spicion folks thet never give no person a sassy word. 'Tain't natcherl. I'm human myself," ingenuously explained the landlady, "and I know thet folks is born in sin. This is a evil generation, Selesty, and c'rupt. When you see them ez *ain't* evil and c'rupt, somethin's wrong with 'em. Fer me, I foller out the course laid down fer me. Ef my Maker hedn't wanted me to be a sinner, He wouldn't hev created me a sinner." She paused for breath. "Sylvia's mighty sweet; I ain't chirpin' a word agin her. 'Tain't no wonder ez Delk Bylands hev got his head turned plumb around. I misdoubt ef pore Rosetty Valley won't git overlooked in the shuffle. But he'll never git captain's niece, Delk won't. He better hang whar he's got a grip, fer Sylvia ain't studyin' 'bout takin' up with nobody in these parts, I tell yeh."

Captain Bylands, chancing to pass through the back hall way, caught enough of these speculations to deepen his own furtive uneasiness as to Delk and his niece. He was beginning to feel that the young man came too often to the house. Obscure hints were stirring in the hamlet, and more than once of late the captain had corrected with violence some one's opinion that his niece was "gittin' ahead of Rosetty Valley."

It was a subject which the captain considered as demanding his attention, and finding Delk alone in the office on the morning after the young man's interview with Rosetta's father, he plunged into the matter.

Delk had a brow of care, and sleeplessness reddened his eyes, but the captain, unaware of all except the business he had at heart, opened fire without preliminary tactics.

"Look here, Delk," he said, "I never bother folks unless they git to pilin' lumber on my ground, and then I'm liable to ask 'em to move. Now things are this way: I know

there's nothing in it, but I can't hev people's tongues wagging about anything thet touches Sylvia. I reckon you better stay away from the hotel fer a spell."

Delk, sore to the touch, responded to this with a leaping fire of indignation. "Do you object to me seeing your niece?" he asked, with an insolent eye on the captain.

"Shucks, no! What's the matter with you? I jest look at it this way. You're engaged to Rosetty. Well, folks naturally wonders to see you hanging round Sylvia. I'm not blaming you fer liking to pass the time with her; she's a good entertainer, Sylvia is." He cleared his throat, adding, with a certain delicacy: "I've watched you pretty close, Delk. You don't want to let your mind wander from home, m-m? Sylvia's ben mighty friendly with you. It's her way with every one. She don't mean nothing."

Delk had flushed hotly.

"How do you know what—"

The captain stopped him with a glance which had the swiftness and hardness of a bullet. "Watch out!" he advised. "It's my niece you're speaking of."

"I was only going to say—"

"Thet's all right. I know men better than Sylvia does. She thinks they're a nice easy-going lot of things you can pat on the head and preach to and make angels of by pointing out what pretty things wings is. You and I know differ'nt. We know thet fer a gyrl to fling a sweet word at a man is oftentimes like soaping a geyser. Nothing personal. I'm jest saying."

"Some men have a little common-sense," angrily put in the other; "and few of them are all bad."

"Still fewer are all good," grimly contested the captain. "Thar's a mighty sameness in the whole lot. A flea wouldn't know by the taste of the blood if he was biting a saint or a sinner." He had a little feeling of compassion for Delk, whose face had let down in a kind of despairing scowl. "I hev'n't a thing against you, Delk. I've got your good at heart. But things ain't going to suit me. T'other night I overheard you and Sylvia discussing love, 'mongst other things. 'Twon't do. Talking about love's like waving a bottle of rye before a toper—something in us hankers at the looks of it."

He waited for Delk to express himself. The young man sat against the wall, his feet on a desk. He was casting in his mind for courage to tell the captain that Sylvia actually cared a great deal for him, and that his betrothal to Rosetta was a dead issue.

"I was talking to Bob Valley yesterday," he began, "and I told him I had come to the conclusion that Rosetta and I—were not—just calculated to make each other happy."

Captain Bylands started. "See here, Delk," he said, gravely, "don't you go to breaking the traces with any notion of—Sylvia."

Delk surveyed him with the calmness of a man whose hopes stand level with conviction. The captain's eye blazed.

"I've thought you a square man," he cried, thumping his desk. "But if you've dared to wheedle round Sylvia with your wedding-ring bought for another woman's finger—"

"I don't know that I've wheedled round anybody," demurred Delk. "Can't you see how it is, captain? I've made a mistake about Rosetta. Yes, I have. And—hadn't I better find it out before I marry her?"

The captain had an air of growing trouble. "It's not for me to decide," he said. "All I insist on is this—don't set your heart on Sylvia, because, as I see things, her sails ain't set in your direction. Unly, a day or two ago I—was speaking about you—sort of beating the bush, and she seemed to jedge you was a right likely young man, but she laughed right out when I worked it in thet maybe you and her might hev fixed it up if circumstances hed ben differ'nt to what they was. She asked me if I wasn't troubled about Henry Dye too."

Delk, listening, felt as if something black was thickening before his eyes. His impression that Sylvia loved him was unchanged; he believed that simply to preserve her own dignity she had made him a laughter and a derision.

"I got a plan on hand," pursued the captain, "thet 'll help you out. You want to get away from this place fer a spell. Thar's all thet lumber up river; some one's got to go and take an invoice of what's afloat. Then I want new contracts with those parties in Chattanooga. It 'll take a couple of months if you look up thet cedar we want. You better stay away as long as the business 'll let you. And I want it understood thet no letters pass between you and my niece. I'm not going to hev anything laid on Sylvia."

Delk sat in thought. His heart beat with sullen anger against Sylvia. She would bitterly regret his going. He could teach her a lesson. She would know how to value him when he came back. After the manner of women, she would be ready to kiss the hand which had dealt her this rebuke.

He thought, too, of Rosetta and her father, and the remembrance of them constrained his decision. That very night he would go and see Rosetta, and tell her he was going away, and ask her to forget him.

"Very well," he said to the captain, "I am ready. Let's look up those old contracts. And perhaps you had better get out your specifications for the cedar."

XV.

Shame, sorrow, and dismay crept into Bylands's bosom when, on going to visit Rosetta for the last time, he noted her altered looks. As he came in, a piteous sort of hopefulness flickered to her eyes, but it died away almost before he began to stammer out his ungracious story. It seemed to him that his cautious tacking only served to bring him continually around to the same statement, that he suspected that they had been mistaken in thinking of a common life, and that perhaps she would prefer to let things be as they had been. He veiled this in all the paraphrase at his command, but it appeared as if the mean outlines stood the bolder for his attempts to cover them. It was an ugly fact which no trick of speech could beautify; it was simply, if she saw into it at all, a request for release. But though it had so hard and plain a face, Rosetta did not seem wholly to catch at its import. Her dull brown eyes questioned Bylands with the stolid lethargy of a despair which has become stultified.

"Thet there," she faltered, her mind groping—"say it again, Delk. I—want to be right sure I know what you mean."

Delk, feeling like a man who, having spat in another's face, is humbly asked to repeat the insult, went over it all.

Rosetta, sitting before him, gave ear with the same helpless air of half-stupid pain. She had dreaded this hour as a doomed man dreads the scaffold, counting his approach to it by the hammer strokes outside his walls. Now that it was upon her she had a sense of wonder that she did not die, that the sharpness in her throat still let the breath past. Her thinning cheeks were filled with a color which seemed to make the very air about them softly red.

Bylands, anxiously observing her, noted the odd difference in texture of her thick glossless skin and smooth shining lips. With a slow gesture, full of pain, she laid one hand, the fingers apart and downward, upon her breast.

"I reckon I know now," she said, in a cold voice, as of one who has got a mortal hurt; "I know by the way—it hurts—here—what you mean. Delk, don't."

Her head hung, a look of sickness suffusing her face. Her fallen eyelids had a swollen heaviness, as if the balls bulged in an extremity of suffering. The pretty fair hair brushed her neck, its delicate color giving her forlorn young face so sad an air of childhood that tears struggled in Bylands's voice as he spoke to her.

"Rosetta," he said, "I didn't think you'd take it like this. I won't say another word about it. I'll leave it with you, Rosetta. You think it over, won't you, while I'm away?"

As he came from this prying open of the links between them, he was sensible of being in no humor for saying good-by to the captain's niece, and it was something of a relief to find the captain himself in the hotel office.

"You are going away?" Sylvia's eyelashes crept up in wonder.

"Yes," replied Bylands; adding, indifferently, "I suppose most of us like the idea of a change now and then."

Sylvia's face expressed a resentful bewilderment, and Bylands, as he watched it take the mould of her spirit, was doubly aware of having given her a pang, and of being pleased with himself for doing it. He was sharply offended with her. For a moment, as her face darkened, he wished that he had never seen her, that he had been left to his mild regard for Rosetta, content in her wifely love, and in the children she would have given him.

And then Sylvia's hand, slipping coldly from his palm, gave his nerves the old half-anguished, half-rapturous vibration. At a touch she drew him again into ward, and he yielded, though some strength of manhood in him still wrought to maintain his pride, and he managed to leave her with a semblance of indifference.

Sylvia, in the dark as touching this action of his, which had the look of a caprice, cast in her mind, waking and sleeping, for some clew to its occasion. She believed he would write and explain, but as days passed on and brought no word from him, she began definitely to realize that he had only seemed a slave, and having wearied of her bonds, had tossed them lightly by.

A heavy gloom fell upon her, intermittent with restless hours, when she seemed to feel her brain singe round behind the hot eyeballs, curdling, mixing its atoms in a disorganizing mass.

There were times in these hours of humiliation when she thought of God, and wondered if it would do any good to pray. She felt some little reluctance at the idea of crawling to His feet and asking Him to take the place this common one of His creatures had disdained.

In one way or another she would bear the burden alone, but the means by which she sought to bear it were such as suggested escape. She found reading wearisome. There was no pleasure in roaming about the hill-sides by herself, and she came finally to spend hours among her pillows; the room darkened, dreaming waking dreams, which, like brightly blooming parasites, dragged upon the real life and left it weak.

She held long talks with Bylands, in which she arraigned him with royal scorn, or was very humble, and asked him simply to explain his action. Very often, meeting him in the hawthorn lanes of fancy, she was merely gay, and appalled him with her heartlessness. She always came back, however, to the inexorable sense of disgust and humiliation she tried to shift—a state of mind exaggerated by the hard colorless life about her, like a bunch of thorns in a block of ice.

And as the weeks lengthened, and these contortions of wounded sentiment became less marked, Sylvia wondered if she would not regret them. She feared the emptiness which had infested her spirit before she tried to drink nectar of the common clay vessel which had broken at her lips. It seemed to her that a disordered blood is better than a blood which does not flow at all, and she watched her fever waning with a kind of compassion for herself.

During these enervating mental phases, if there was any difference in her outward look or bearing, it was not marked enough for comment. Vague speculations as to Delk's absence were aired, but Sylvia came in only as a very small pendant to the picture of Rosetta Valley.

"I wouldn't be took back ef that gyrl goes the way her mammy went," surmised Mrs. Lichens one day in November, as she brought some towels into Sylvia's room.

It had been a cheerless week. The late skies were hooded in thick gray, and a livid streak, like a wild white face, glimpsed above the dark western knob. In the room this cold light picked out with startling clearness the lines of the mean furniture and the blankness of the cracked walls.

Sylvia sat by the little stove, her feet crossed on the hearth, the satin strings of her slippers falling in the ashes. She turned with an idle interest.

"That girl?" she questioned.

"Rosetty Valley," explained Mrs. Lichens, staying herself by the bedpost. "Old man Valley took the train this mornin' fer Clingsville. Nothin' would do him, so Mis' Crew was tellin' me, but he must fetch some big doctor from som'er's up in the blue grass—I disremember what town—to see Rosetty."

Sylvia's eyes grew suddenly black. "Is she sick?" she asked. "I had heard she wasn't well—but sick—real sick—I—"

"'Sh!" commented Mrs. Lichens, interrupting. "Hev we any right to look fer health in a world whar we're told one generation passuf away and another cometh? *Kin* we expect health, as Christian people? How is one generation goin' to pass away onless it gits sick and dies? Rosetty looks to me right smart like her sister Annabel looked—same high color and barkin' cough."

Sylvia, huddling in her chair, was biting at her finger-nails.

"I wouldn't wish to be in Delk Bylands's boots along about the day of judgment," pursued the landlady, cheerfully. "He jest natchely and p'intedly broke her speret clean down a-pickin' up and puttin' out like he done." And as she went out she said, "I lay off to go and see Rosetty one day this week. Like to go 'long? Wharever sickness is," she interrupted, "thar I am also. I let them ez is onchosen bustle round and do the nursin' and cookin'. Fer me, give me a cheer by the bed, whar I kin shet my eyes and breathe a silent pray'r, and taste a bit of jelly er anything the neighbors fetches in."

Sylvia heard her tread dying in the hallway. Below, in the kitchen, Selesty was singing over two or three lines of an old song:

> "When the spring-time comes, gentle Annie,
> And the wild flowers are scattered o'er the plain."

Over and over she sang them, and some scrap of Sylvia's mind took the words up, repeating them in every variety of accent, every arrangement of syllable, until she grew dazed.

"I am losing what little mind I used to have," she thought. "I am feeling as if I were of weight in the scheme of things, as if the eternities recognized me. This is hallucination. I must have some fresh air."

XVI.

Bylands thought often of writing to Sylvia, and he was restrained by the captain's commands less than by a notion that his silence would perhaps be weighty in proportion to its duration.

Rosetta's forlorn face haunted him also, and his compunction gave him a sort of exasperated pity for her, which, as his return to Chamouni drew near, reminded him that burs were in the wind for him if she still held to her fancy.

Nevertheless, he wanted to be back. The knob ramparts of the village, the rushing green licks, the thick woods and stony sweeps of field, all solicited him because Sylvia's foot trod the rough ways, and Sylvia's eyes at each eventide caught the yellow of the setting sun, which turned the west hills nightly to jagged gold.

Just about the time when he had arranged the various affairs intrusted to him, and was considering the end of his exile, he had from the captain a letter which caused him considerable discomfort.

"I would not wonder," the captain wrote, "if you were thinking of coming home in time for the holidays. Well, there is just this: I believe you had better look up those Tompkins Creek fellows that have been working timber off our survey in their county. I would not advise you to come home just now. I speak as a friend, for I believe there is some excuse for your doings, though there are those who do not agree with me. That is why I say keep away from these parts for a spell. Old man Valley is like he was deranged over Rosetta being so poorly. I reckon he feels that you have not treated her just right. Anyhow, folks here have a prejudice, and while Rosetta stays low as she is now, it would not be right pleasant for you to be round."

Sylvia was glad when the captain one day stated that Delk would be detained longer than he had thought.

"I wrote him that things wasn't jest going his way," admitted the captain. "Good deal of feeling against him, and it ain't well for a man to turn his back plumb against public opinion. If the current of a stream gets you behind the knee-joints it 'll lay you out like a streak of lightning. Always best, if you got to go against it, to go a little sideways. Give the water a thin edge to strike, and it won't take you off your feet."

Sylvia felt that it would be very unpleasant to have Delk back. His image was growing misty for her, and almost the only sentiment she had regarding him was one of vivid irritation that he had been able to cause her even a trifling discomfort. With a sickish amusement she remembered how she had spun out her sensibilities, weaving a mantle of purple about a shape which had never been in any way kingly, except that she had bowed the knee to it, and decked it in the ermine of dreams, and set the sceptre of fancy in its hand, crowning it with the wild brightness of her fervid visions.

Her observance of this figment of majesty had depended little on the object. The knee must bend though our gods be wood and stone. Even the little sense of mastery she had nourished, seemed now the merest falsity. It had helped to accent Bylands's mannish qualities, but Sylvia realized very squarely that he had been a mere puppet in her hands, his operations directed by her will. He had walked with head upborne because she taught him this bearing, and now that his fine brown eyes and tropic darkness of skin no longer wrought for him, Sylvia recalled her first idea of him as a man without vital strength of spirit. Even his sentimentalities, though they gave him a certain delicacy, had only served like a thin varnish to show up the quality of the stuff, its lack of pith and hard knots. The veiled dissatisfaction which he had always given her appeared to her now as a recognition of her own futile expenditure of force; she had gauged him with a finger, drawing away with the vacuous pang of one who has thought to plunge arm-deep.

As these ideas struck in upon Sylvia's mind, she formulated a general notion of the littleness and transiency of the thing called love.

She walked alone in the December wastes south of the village, and levelled a dull eye through the stark brown woodland spaces where fall had ravened, leaving behind it trees picked to the skeleton and heaps of broken leaves like mangled feathers. The sky was as blue as it had been in summer. To her right a group of slender persimmon-trees leaned together, their webby branches caught with an occasional ball of pinkish gold, still holding fast in spite of frost, gemlike as the fruit of an Eastern fable.

As the winter wore on, Captain Bylands watched Sylvia with solicitude. He knew her days must be monotonous, and casting about for some means of enlivening them, he came to a decision which he broached to her one day along in January.

It was very cold; the dining-room window was latticed in bare twigs through which winter stared white-faced, like a beggar envious of the inner cheer. The stove spluttered with pine sticks, and Sylvia, who had just pushed away from the table, stood warming her hands, gazing out, and observing that one of the Hines girls was sprinkling sawdust over the glassy back step of the white cottage.

She cast the atoms abroad as if she were scattering grain, standing straight and solid, her body set spaciously, as if her feet took a wide hold of the door-sill. A black rooster, his satin tail feathers iridescent with green and purple, rushed headlong, with a notion of corn. Having tried the quality of the oak dust, he retired with an air of affronted dignity, his neck tremulous.

Sylvia laughed. "It's a little hard," she said, detailing the scene, "but it's a common experience. We plunge into life with enthusiastic belief, and when it grates woodenly in our teeth, we have to carry off our sense of being 'done' with as much indifference as may be."

"Best way to do," philosophized the captain. "When I see a man drop down at the first lick trouble gives him, I feel like walking over him. Thar's Bob Valley! I was telling him yesterday: 'You ought to brace up,' I says. 'Trouble's like this—the more you give down to it, the heavier it gets,' I says, speaking of Rosetty. 'God a'mighty

captain,' says he, 'you never hed an unly daughter dying onder your eyes!'"

Sylvia turned upon him a face of question. She could scarcely grow paler, but her lips moved as if little magnetic threads thrilled across the corners. "She is no better?" she asked.

"Rosetty? She'll never be no better, poor little thing! Thet color of hers was always too pretty to be right."

Sylvia came nearer, her eyes large. "Her father must have known she was not likely to withstand it long—this family foe. Her mother died of consumption. I don't see—"

She paused with an excited gesture. Her uncle looked anxious.

"She hes too much heart fer other folks's troubles," he thought, noting her strained glance. And then he said aloud: "I'm studying about taking a little trip South, Sylvia. I took a piece of land in Louisiana for a debt, and I've never ben right sure the papers were all correct. I don't seem to get much satisfaction out of the lawyer that handled the thing—man named Delosier—and I thought I'd run down to New Orleans 'long about the 1st of February. How'd you like to go—stay a couple of weeks, say? I'm going to hev Litten run the office."

XVII.

Sylvia was a little glad to get away from Chamouni, but she did not realize any active delight in her journey until they came into long stretches of pine forest, and her traditions of the South took sudden form and color, signalled forth by so small a thing as the gray moss hanging from the trees.

Jumbled ideas of planters in spotless linen habits, their black hair gleaming under broad hats; of old mansions, pillared and magnolia-shaded; of dark-eyed women fanned by turbaned slaves; of chivalry and hot blood and victims of honor—these ranged in her mind, one brilliant tone above the other, like layers of colored liquors in a glass, confused by the slightest shake.

She leaned against the car window, inspired to new interest in the tall firs, so dense that here and there, as the pale sky struck between distant boles, it took the eye with a semblance of graveyard shafts, white and slender among the green. When they crossed the great lake, her imagination seemed to move into a native clime. Everything welcomed it. Every ripple of the moveless mirror of water meant to Sylvia something, she felt, it did not mean to the captain yawning over his paper opposite, or to the fat man in the next compartment, whom the side glass revealed in a game of solitaire, or to the elderly-young woman who stood on the rear platform inquiring into the exact length of the bridge.

The lake had a surface like silvery morocco leather, a sort of grain running obliquely to its rim, which was wrapped in a vague whiteness like a lowering of the pale sky or a lifting of the colorless water. Jet-black sails speared the distance. Nearer by a canoe was speeding along like a grotesque human thing, patting the dim water with long black arms.

The sage-green banks growing with strange plants appealed to Sylvia with an alien beauty, a little sad in their luxuriance, as if they remembered the lands where they were fathered long before the restless fingers of the tides tossed their seeds on these marshy slopes.

The sight of a papery palmetto leaf, creased and sharply slit along the edge, gave Sylvia an odd sense of happiness. This was the South, the languorous land of sweet sounds and flower breath and warm color. It was the bright silk selvage of the monotonously unromantic weft of country which stretched grayly above it from ocean to ocean.

For a day or two Sylvia and the captain wandered about the narrow streets of the French Quarter, Sylvia reading the guide-book, while her uncle, with his spectacles on, peered for house numbers, or stood on the undrained curbs, smiling placidly at Sylvia's interest in some small, green-shuttered, white-stuccoed house in which a murder or political intrigue had been hatched, or about which a famed story had been written.

Even the death notices posted on street lamps were matters which engaged them, the black-edged placards seeming to cast a mysterious solemnity upon the balcony-hung thoroughfares. The foreign jargon of the black-eyed women in the market-places added to Sylvia's conceptions of remoteness.

"Fine figgers these here creole girls hev," remarked the captain, "but they wouldn't be much of entertainers to *me*. I'm thankful I speak a language folks can onderstand."

"But I don't think these girls are creoles," protested Sylvia. "Oh no! I am sure creoles do not go marketing for soup greens."

"Why not?" asked the captain.

"Oh," laughed Sylvia, "they are folk of exclusive pretensions—the creoles! I don't know exactly what they are like, but I fancy them as living in old houses with high walls to the garden, in which they walk of evenings thinking of the past. I'm sure they never market for soup greens. They may be poor, but they have always a few perfectly trained old servants to wait on them, and they do not mix with the herd ever."

One afternoon, the captain deciding to look into his law business, Sylvia determined to visit an old graveyard in the heart of the city. She went down the many stone steps of the hotel, through the great pillars to the thronged street below, in which boys were selling violets. The delicate sweetness of the flowers tempted her to buy a bunch, and as she walked on, the purple cluster in her hand added to her feeling of content. She crushed the blossoms against her lips, and found their crisp silkiness of texture as delicious as their smell, which strangely reminded her of honey.

She found her way easily to the burying-ground, which made her think of a stone-yard as she came near the whitened walls, above which square blocks of marble rose solidly, almost in a compact mass, unrelieved by a single spear of green.

At the gate was a little lodge, in which an old man sat. His eyes rested lifelessly on Sylvia as she glanced toward him in entering. He had an air of sleep, as if those whose slumber he watched had paid him with the faceless silver of oblivion.

Close by the gate a low pyramid to the memory of some long-dead Frenchman rose blunt. Beyond were other single tombs, and more which were like flat walls in which each sleeper had his bed in company. Between the stones were narrow shell walks over which grass ran shyly, waxing bolder near the white tombs till its freshness seemed one with the upward-reaching moss, thin as an emerald veil, which only half hid the accented letters.

Sylvia sat down on an iron bench in a far corner of the place, hard by the austere tomb of the Jesuit priests, and fronting a massive block inscribed with a foreign name. Near it a palmetto bent its stiff rounds, and in a basin at the tomb's door some dark feathery plant of a tropic kind waved heavy plumes. A rose climbing at the side laid its pink cheek against the discolored stone.

As Sylvia looked, a slim dark thing, with alert long tail and four flat feet—some sort of a lizard—ran across the face of the tomb, its swift sinuous shape fluting over the whiteness like a black line drawn upward with a rapid pencil. The names on the graves—Mathilde, Elise, Marie—held a gentle witchery. Leaning on the long arm of the bench, Sylvia closed her eyes to think of these women of a by-gone year and exotic ancestry, sleeping in their strait shelves all around her. The little arched doors of the tombs softly swung ajar, and within she saw long white linens and braided hair and folded small hands.

"Yet if I could really see in," she pondered, "there would be only foulness and decay, a pinch of dust, a wisp of hair, a shred of lawn, perhaps a jewelled ring. There is nothing in any of them now except the poor framework of humanity, a skull set in the ironic smile we all take on when the gentle mockery of the flesh slips away, and we realize the jest of mortal destiny."

The city surged to the very feet of these slumberers, the cries of some children at play in the street mixing with the dovelike murmurs of the feathery plant near the tomb against which the rose leaned. Nothing reached them any more; they were as if they had not been; and in a flash it came over Sylvia that the little chances of life which had seemed so much to her were light as the dust which engenders them. That awful silence engulfed the petty clamor of existence as the ocean engulfs pebbles. Love, whetting his blades in the heart of man, was no longer a consecrated priest, thinning his sacred steel for a sacrifice to Heaven. He seemed now to Sylvia's disillusioned eye merely a red-capped jester, banging an air-blown bladder against the cheeks of the dancers at a fair.

"Miserable creatures," she thought, "they must get what amusement they can from this hour of light. Suppose they please themselves with the flare of torches and the fling of sugar? It is wiser than to lift the face to an impenetrable sky."

Somehow the companionship of these dead folk had a curious charm of quietude. They did not tire one after the fashion of the living. Sylvia sat long by the side of the Jesuit priests. It grew late, and the sky reddened. She meant to go presently, but meantime she looked again at the terra-cotta vases tipping from the plaster walls, which in places were hung with a black-beaded gewgaw of remembrance.

"They are all '*à mon époux*,'" smiled Sylvia. "I don't see any 'to my wife.' Women do all the world's loving. They ought to be forgiven a good deal."

Men's voices broke through the quiet. Some one was calling, and as Sylvia listened she heard her own name ring through the still spaces. With a little sense of strangeness and disbelief she leaned forward, the bunch of violets slipping from her lap.

A step echoed on the shelly ground, and a young man suddenly rounding the grave-walled corner hard by, catching sight of Sylvia, started forward, and then, with an air of surprise, drew back.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE BURNING OF ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

UPON July 8th occurred the most destructive fire that has ever visited St. John's, eclipsing the disasters of the great conflagration of 1846. Originating in a wooden building on the high lands from the carelessly thrown down match of a smoker, the blazing embers were carried by the strong northwest gale down upon the roofs below, setting fire to a score of structures almost at once. Before the high wind the flames swept through the wealthiest and most populous part of the city, only dying down when all had been burned that lay in their path to the water-side. The Masonic Temple, the Methodist College, Gower Street Methodist Church, the great cathedral of the English Church, the Orange Hall, the palace of Bishop Jones, the St. Patrick's Hall, the Christian Brothers' school, the Presentation Convent, the Supreme Court building and Police Headquarters, the Government offices, Government Savings-bank, the Presbyterian church, are among the buildings destroyed. The great stores, fish warehouses, and wharves of Water Street all succumbed to the flames. The fire broke out afresh on the next day, destroying the railway station and many buildings which had escaped the first burning. The loss is estimated at $20,000,000.

The water service was very deficient, and but little help was derived from the rickety and antiquated apparatus of the fire department. The terrifying scene was fortunately free from drunkenness and riot, and amid all the inevitable panic the people were astonishingly orderly and well conducted. Two-thirds of the buildings in the city are destroyed, leaving a vast number of people homeless, and several lives were lost in the flames. Such destitution and suffering prevail that the Mayor appealed to other Dominion cities for relief, Halifax being the first to respond with generous and substantial assistance. Ten thousand people are sheltered in the Parliament House and under tents and sheds in the city's open spaces. Except so far as these homeless ones are relieved by outside help, they are menaced by exposure and famine. The isolated position of the town in respect to other cities makes the rendering of immediate relief unusually uncertain and difficult.

The business portion of the city, now two-thirds destroyed, consisted chiefly of four streets nearly parallel with the harbor, with others crossing them at right angles. Though the city is well drained and lighted with gas, the water service for fighting fire is very insufficient. The chief thoroughfare, which stretches along the water's edge a distance of two miles, was well built up with brick and stone. The Government House and the Roman Catholic cathedral, regarded as two of the finest buildings in the place, escaped the conflagration. The population of St. John's is about 28,000. Its manufactures consisted for the most part of biscuit factories and oil refineries. An immense business is done by mercantile houses in furnishing shipping supplies, and in dealings in fish and oil. One firm alone did a business of $10,000,000 a year. The greater part of the citizens are connected with the fisheries, and large fleets are despatched from the port throughout the season. With the exception of the chief street, the houses were mostly low and unpainted wooden buildings crowding out on the sidewalks.

The appearance of the town generally indicated the fact that its wealthy residents were there only to make money, with the view to return to pleasanter scenes when they had amassed sufficient wealth. As the city is the only commercial place of importance in Newfoundland, its destruction means sad distress to the whole colony. It was the market and outfitting point for the fishermen of 4000 miles of coast, and without its mercantile establishments to resort to, the 200,000 inhabitants of this fishing island will be for a long time to come totally at a loss where to turn for sustaining avenues of employment.

PERSONAL.

THE only social club of which Mr. BLAINE is a member is the Kebo Valley Club, of Mount Desert, which recently elected the ex-Secretary of State to honorary membership. In discussing his election with some friends at Bar Harbor, Mr. BLAINE said, "In all my twelve years of Washington life, I never joined a club or had any desire to do so."

—The estate of 10,000 acres on which Mr. GEORGE VANDERBILT is erecting a baronial castle in North Carolina represents forty farms, which were bought up from the mountaineers at a total cost of fully $600,000. Half of the estate is to be forest land, in which there will be many rare trees and bushes from China, Japan, Italy, and France. The natural appearance of the land is in process of embellishment by the landscape architect, with the expectation that when all is finished every rock and bowlder will be picturesque and every prospect pleasing. The house itself will contain 120 rooms, besides the servants' quarters. As an example of the extensive way in which the work is carried on, it is stated that the salaries and wages alone amount to $50,000 a month.

—Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE, who is now in the very focus of the world's eye, was forty-five years ago a ragamuffin, it might almost be said, in the streets of Allegheny City, Pennsylvania. His father was a poor Scotch weaver, who came to America in 1845 to better his fortunes, and his son began his own career a few years later as a messenger-boy in a Pennsylvania railroad telegraph office. After learning telegraphy he attracted the notice of "JIM" SCOTT, the President of the road, and his rise in life dates from that moment. Subsequently, when he had accumulated a little capital, he joined with his brother in purchasing a small iron mill, and a few years thereafter began in a modest way the manufacture of steel rails, the industry that has been the source of his vast fortune. Whatever opinion there may be about Mr. CARNEGIE's much-discussed book, his own extraordinary success has been a most interesting object-lesson in the "triumphant democracy" of which he wrote.

—GEORGE WASHBURNE MORGAN, who died in Tacoma recently, at the age of sixty-nine years, became best known to New-Yorkers, probably, as the organist at Dr. TALMAGE's Tabernacle—a position he held for fourteen years. He was at other times organist at St. Thomas's Church, at Grace Church, at St. Ann's, and St. Stephen's. Mr. MORGAN was noted as a composer, having, in addition to numerous songs, written upward of eighty compositions. He was a native of England, and at the age of eight years played the organ in public. At twelve he was assistant organist of the cathedral at Gloucester, England, and, his fame spreading, he soon was called to London by rival congregations. When twenty-eight years old he was considered the peer of Sir HENRY SMART, who was at that time, 1851, the foremost organist in England. Mr. MORGAN had been a resident of New York since 1853. His last appearance in this city was at a series of concerts in Chickering Hall last April.

—The late GEORGE WASHINGTON BUNGAY was famous as a temperance advocate and as an abolitionist a generation ago, when he was on familiar terms with JOHN G. WHITTIER, CHARLES SUMNER, WENDELL PHILLIPS, and other antislavery leaders of prominence. Mr. SUMNER's friendship for him was evidenced by the fact that the only political favor the Massachusetts Senator asked of President LINCOLN was the appointment of Mr. BUNGAY to the place of storekeeper in the New York Custom-house, where he remained until 1887. Mr. BUNGAY was a native of England and seventy-five years old. In his younger years he was a newspaper writer, and for a time in the service of the New York *Tribune* when HORACE GREELEY was its editor. He was a prolific writer in prose and verse, and the author of a number of published volumes.

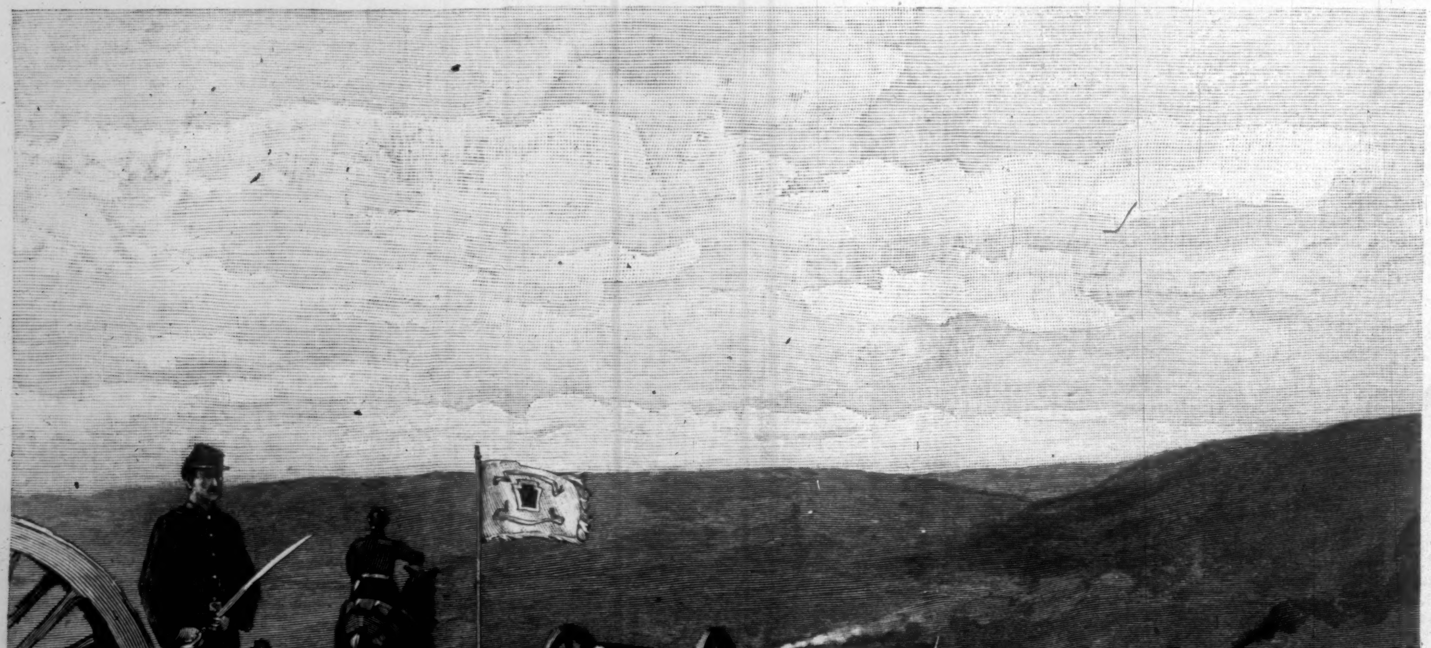
—The book of political reminiscences on which Mr. INGALLS is at work is so well in hand that it may possibly appear at about the same time with General LONGSTREET's war history, the date of publication of which is not far distant. Though not so designed, the Kansas ex-Senator's volume will doubtless prove to be a supplement to Mr. BLAINE's *Twenty Years in Congress*, for it will contain reminiscences of public life and public men in Washington from the time of the agitation of the Kansas question to the present day. And if Mr. INGALLS injects as much of his personality into its pages as he has done in his contributions to the periodical press, it will be interesting to politician and plain voter alike.

—General JAMES B. WEAVER, the nominee for President of the People's Party, is a man without small vices. He does not smoke or swear, and in the matter of liquor he is a strict prohibitionist. He possesses a pleasant barytone voice, and in his younger years had some repute as a singer. General WEAVER is nearly sixty years old, of medium height, but his personality is not striking. When aroused to action, however, whether on the stump making a political speech, or, as in the old days, leading a charge on the battle-field, he develops considerable magnetism, and inspires the people about him with enthusiasm. He is a good campaigner, and his experience in Congress has made him a capable party leader.

—Like JULES VERNE, WILLIAM BLACK, the novelist, does his literary work in a room at the top of his house above the noise of the street and away from all unnecessary interruptions. M. VERNE has gathered about him in his attic study all the paraphernalia for scientific and geographical investigation such as he makes use of in constructing his very marvellous narrations. Mr. BLACK's room, apart from a row of bookshelves and a desk, is almost bare of comforts. Unlike DAUDET and DUMAS, the English novelist has no trappings of luxury about him when he composes; and, unlike ZOLA, he does not seek inspiration in different-colored inks or in an assortment of white and yellow quill pens.

—Secretary FOSTER's diplomatic career began with his appointment, by President GRANT, to be Minister to Mexico—an appointment for which he was indebted chiefly to Governor MORTON, of Indiana. He had attracted the war Governor's attention by the editorial ability he had shown in conducting an Evansville newspaper and by the record he had made in the war. During the seven years of his residence in Mexico, he became thoroughly familiar with Spanish law and literature, and learned to speak the language with fluency and accuracy. Mr. FOSTER is one of the least formal of cabinet officers and a man of polished and dignified manners.

THE FIRST TROOPS IN HOMESTEAD.
The Eighteenth Regiment passing the Office and Works of the Carnegie Company.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup after a Sketch by F. Cresson Schell.



HOMESTEAD AND THE SURROUNDING COUNTRY.
View from Division Headquarters on Shanty Hill.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder after a Sketch by F. Cresson Schell.

THE HOMESTEAD RIOTS.—[SEE PAGE 714.]

SHIP-BUILDING ON THE GREAT LAKES.

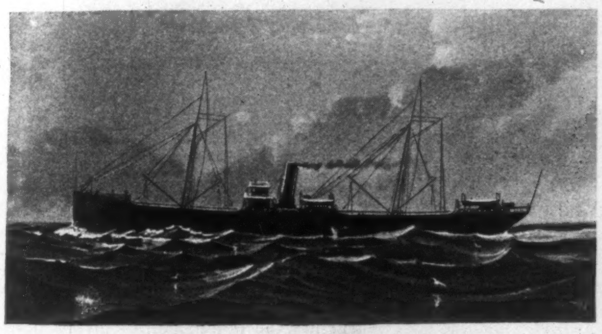
BY LIEUTENANT GODFREY L. CARDEN, U. S. R. M.

IT is not generally known that the ship-building and iron and steel interests of the great lakes exceed in magnitude, wealth, and capabilities the same interests in all other sections of the United States combined. But it is true, as was shown in a series of articles recently published in the New York *Times*, that the great ship-building centre of the United States is the Northwest. The Atlantic and Pacific seaboards possess, respectively, in the establishments of William H. Cramp & Sons, of Philadelphia, and the Union Iron-works, of San Francisco, the largest single ship-building plants in America, but in point of combined interests the Atlantic and Pacific seaboards hold relatively second and third positions to the shores of the great lakes.

On the night of December 16th last the writer left New York city on a run of inspection of the various ship-building plants along the lakes, the object being to determine the capabilities of the various establishments to engage in war-ship work. The facts herewith presented were obtained on this run of the principal ports. The places visited included Buffalo, Erie, Chicago, South Chicago, Dubuque, Milwaukee, Saginaw, Bay City, Detroit, Toledo, and Cleveland. Everywhere the immensity of the lake ship-building interest was apparent. Great steel steamers approaching 400 feet in length, and designed to be fitted with triple-expansion engines, and to carry from 3500 to 3800 tons of grain, were found in process of erection. Of all the vessels observed building not one had been contracted for at a date earlier than September 1, 1891, and all contracts stipulated that the ships must be actually ready to engage in the carrying trade on May 15, 1892. Some idea of the extent of the lake ship-building interest may be gleaned from the statement that in the year 1890 there was built on the great lakes forty per cent. more steam tonnage than was built on the entire Atlantic and Pacific seaboards in the same time. Furthermore, the average vessel built on the lakes during the year 1890 was twice the size of the average vessel built during the same period on the seaboard. Mr. W. A. Livingston, who is referred to by ship-builders all along the lakes as one of the most careful statisticians of their interests, declares that there is fifty-seven per cent. more steam tonnage on the great lakes in the class between 1000 and 2500 tons than there is on the entire seaboard. The figures he gives are:

	Vessels.	Tons.
Atlantic and Gulf Coast	157	237,105
Pacific Coast	28	43,001
Northern Lakes	272	439,787
Western Rivers	22	28,588
Total	479	748,481

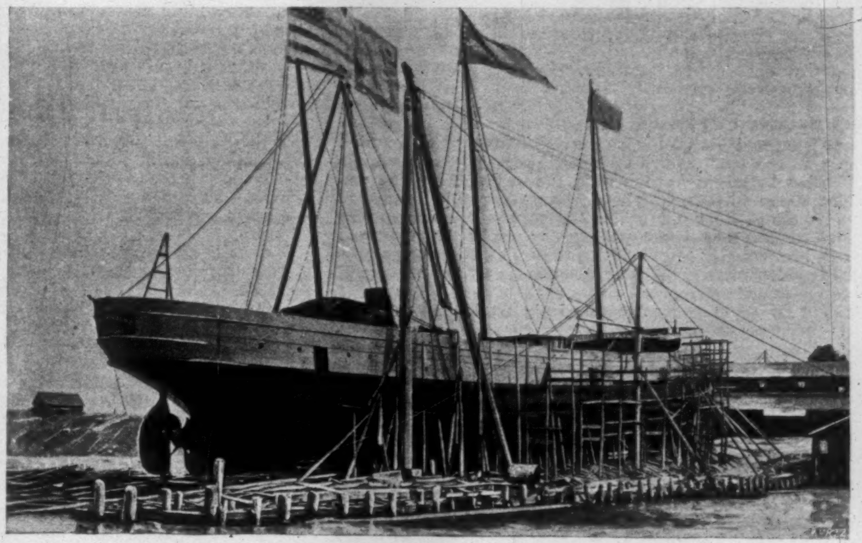
The average size of the sail vessels, says Mr. Livingston, on our entire seaboard is 128 gross registered tons per vessel, as against 258 tons on the lakes. The steamers on the seaboard average 299 tons, as against 428 tons on the lakes. Or, taking all the vessels except the canal-boats, the average size on the entire seaboard is 165 tons, against 349 tons on the lakes. The estimated value of the American lake marine is $62,000,000, as against $4,300,000 estimated value of the Canadian lake marine. Furthermore, it is known that to-day more traffic passes through the Sault Ste. Marie Canal than through the Suez Canal. These statements are deemed worth making in order to dispel all possible doubt as to the extent of the marine interests on the lakes. With very few exceptions all steamers now plying on the lakes were built at lake ports.



STEAMER "KEWEENAW."—2200 Tons Register. Built by F. W. Wheeler & Co., Bay City, Michigan.

In the building up of the new navy of the United States the credit for the construction-work so far is, to all outward appearances, due to the private establishments in the East and the extreme West. Government navy-yards have undertaken to do a share of the work, but to date the new war-ships in commission are almost exclusively the result of contracts made with private firms. In the new industry developed by the policy of the United States government in the past decade, millions of dollars have been turned out of the national Treasury. Except at the very outset, nearly all money appropriated has been used in the development of domestic plants, until to-day the United States is independent of Europe not only in ship-yards, but in the possession of nearly all plants necessary to the production of war material. Except to those well informed in the progress of war-ship construction in this country, it is not generally known that the West has played an important part in the history of the new navy. Six years ago, and even five years ago, the great machines and tools necessary to the fabrication of plates and various ship-fittings came from Europe. To-day American firms, and Western firms at that, are turning out a grade of tools unsurpassed in quality anywhere in the world.

With the development of ship and engine plant tools in the interior there has been a corresponding development on the part of Western establishments in ability to handle certain heavy kinds of work peculiar to ship and engine construction. Boiler-making and forgings in particular have within the past five years been nowhere more readily undertaken and finished than in the ports along the great lakes and at other points in the interior. Much of the development of Western establishments in ability to handle heavy ship-work has been due to the immense strides made in building up the commerce of the lakes. Added to this have been the orders sent in from time to time for forgings and boilers, the orders coming from the William Cramp & Sons of Philadelphia; the U. F. Palmer, Jun., Company, of New York; Samuel Moore & Sons, of Elizabethport, New Jersey; and other Eastern ship-builders engaged in war-ship construction.



STEAMER "J. W. MOORE."—3000 Tons; 16 ft. 6 in. Draught.—Built by the Craig Ship-building Company.

From the fact that Western firms have figured in the development of the new navy merely as sublet contractors, the country at large has given little or no credit to such share in the general work. It was only when the establishment of F. W. Wheeler, of Bay City, Michigan, undertook to bid on the construction of the new Naval Academy practice-ship that the great body of the people in the East awoke to the fact that ship-building plants existed in the West of an extent sufficient to cause them to be feared as competitors. The Naval Academy practice-ship contract was finally given to Samuel Moore & Sons, of Elizabethport, New Jersey, despite the fact that the bid of the Bay City, Michigan, firm was the lowest. It was asserted at the time that the treaty stipulations of 1817 made with Great Britain stood in the way of allowing any war-ship to be built on the lakes. It is now known that Secretary Tracy's views on this subject have been decidedly changed, and to the Secretary's mind the actual existence of the treaty is not altogether plain. During the past fortnight the Solicitor of the Treasury has expressed it as his opinion that the abrogation of the 1817 treaty on the 9th of February, 1865, still holds good, notwithstanding the mutual understanding entered into later on by Secretary of State Seward and the British Minister, Sir Frederick W. A. Bruce, to the effect that the treaty should continue in force. However the present status of the 1817 treaty may be, the writer in conversing with ship-builders, iron and steel men, and officials of maritime and vessel owners' associations at all points along the lakes has repeatedly had the statement made to him that granting that the 1817 treaty exists, its stipulations cannot prevent the construction of war-ships on the lakes and their immediate removal to the Atlantic seaboard. To whatever extent this claim may be justified, the writer here repeats his statement in various despatches to the *Times* to the effect that it is certain that in the construction of the small ships to be authorized in future, ship-building establishments along the great lakes propose to enter the field of competition, and if treaty stipulations of long standing are in reality a barrier to such undertaking, it need be no surprise if Western interests demand that such barriers be removed.

The war-ships which may be built on the lakes and transported to the Atlantic seaboard are necessarily limited in dimensions by the canal locks along the St. Lawrence River. Provided the rapids are shot, a vessel having a length of 230 feet, beam of 39 feet, and a draught of from 12 to 14 feet with all stores on board, can be taken through. The smallest lock in the canal chain limits a vessel in length to 183 feet. By placing a vessel diagonally in the lock, 187 feet can be squeezed through. This canal lock has a draught of water on the sills of 9 feet. This lock can be avoided by the shooting of the rapids. Vessels designed to draw from 12 to 14 feet of water with all stores on board must be taken down light. Coffer-dams have served to take through to the Atlantic seaboard vessels drawing a good 13 feet. A number of lake ship-builders assured the writer that they would not hesitate to undertake the construction and delivery on the Atlantic seaboard of the prototype vessel recommended by Secretary Tracy in his last annual report for service on the China rivers, the vessel to have a length of 230 feet, a beam of 38 feet, a draught of 9 feet, a displacement of 2000 tons, and a maximum speed of 17 knots per hour. It is questionable if this vessel, in being taken down the St. Lawrence, would have to be lightened at all of her movable weights.

Commencing with Buffalo on the east, the lake ship-building ports are to be found at intervals extending as far west as Duluth. Buffalo's ship and marine-engine building interests are centred in the Lake Erie Engineering Works, the Union Dry-dock Company, and the Delaney Forge Company.

The Lake Erie Engineering Works of Buffalo is the largest marine-boiler establishment in the United States. This statement is made with an exact knowledge of the capabilities of every boiler establishment on the Atlantic seaboard. In making this statement it is only necessary to refer to the fact that the great Eastern firms of William H. Cramp & Sons of Philadelphia and the U. F. Palmer, Jun., Company of New York, to say nothing of minor engine and machine plants, have repeatedly within the last few years looked to the Lake Erie Engineering Works for material. The present magnificent hydraulic system in force at the Union Iron-works of San Francisco was originally patterned after the system in vogue at the Buffalo establishment. The Lake Erie Engineering Works was founded about fifteen years ago. Within the past few years the establishment has extended its plants to embrace engine-construction work, the early efforts of the company being devoted exclusively to boiler-making. To-day, Mr. Richard Hammond, the president of the firm, believes the Lake Erie Engineering Works capable to undertake the construction of the heaviest type of marine engines.

Space will not permit in this article of more than a brief description of the capabilities of the various lake establishments, the following in consequence being a summary of the detailed reports written from the different ports. It would be difficult to find anywhere in the country a better-equipped plant than the Lake Erie Engineering Works. Without exception, every large tool in the engine-building shops is less than a year old, the majority of the tools bearing on their face the stamp "Niles Tool Company, Alliance, Ohio." Among the principal tools is a large boring and turning mill, capable of boring or turning a fly-wheel 30 feet in diameter, 8-foot space. This mill has six cutting tools—two on the cross rail and four special ones in the main bed—all feeding automatically. Each of these tools is capable of taking a cut two and one-half inches wide and one-quarter of an inch deep. The mill weighs 135 tons. It is not known that a larger tool of the kind exists. There is also a planer weighing 152 tons, which is the largest known planer in the world. The tool will plane a casting 20 feet wide, 12 feet high, and 30 feet long, running four cutting tools at one and the same time, each one of which will cut a shaving three inches wide and one-quarter of an inch deep. Such a tool alone makes the Lake Erie Engineering Works famous. For the handling of heavy work there are three overhead electric travelling-cranes, the lifting capacity of each one being 35 tons. The hoist measures 40 feet.

STEAMER "PONTIAC."—3291 Tons; 16 ft. 3 in. Draught. Built by the Cleveland Ship-building Company.

The general arrangements of the engineering shops are excellent, there being more light and fresh air than one is accustomed to find, and the effect on entering the long deep enclosures is, in this respect, at once striking and agreeable. The very heaviest type of marine boilers is constructed at this establishment, the company furnishing the majority of Scotch boilers used in American sea-going steamers of to-day. Among some of the more recent steamers on the Atlantic supplied are the *Plymouth*, of the Fall River Line; *Concha*, of the Mallory

(*Continued on page 707.*)

THE INDIAN-CORN EMBLEM.

In Harper's Weekly for June 25th a correspondent is quoted as suggesting maize, or Indian-corn, as the most fitting national flower, with the comment, "What could compare with it in sculpture or in harmony of tint for the artist?" The "golden ear" is mentioned as a most effective design.

Comparatively few persons know that what Americans would call a bundle of stalks of corn in the ear was substituted for the fluted column in the first architectural designs for the national Capitol. Inside the old part of the Capitol, just in front of the Law Library, and at the foot of the little-noticed but beautiful sweep of marble stairway leading to the Supreme Court of the United States, is a rather dark vestibule to the "Court Entrance." In this quiet place, removed from the hurry and noise of the upper corridors, is an example, and probably the only remaining example, of the early attempt to introduce Indian-corn in stalk and "golden ear" into a purely original emblem of American architecture. I think there are five of these columns, of fair height and proportion, each composed of a bundle of long stalks, expanding into the ripened ear of corn above. The stalks are not bound together like the familiar fasces, but stand alone as if surrounding a supporting pillar. This American idea seems never to have proceeded farther, and seems to have been entirely abandoned in constructing the remaining portions of the Capitol. Probably foreign criticism discouraged the architect, and his professional subjection intimidated him. But he was bold enough to leave to posterity this example of what he might have done in the way of American emblematic architecture. Those who profess to be learned in these things do not consider the cornstalk columns very high art, but they do not produce any unpleasing effect, and they are certainly extremely interesting as specimens of the early independence that led us to create new fields of thought and taste and action.

But the progress we have made in art has not been on an independent line, but in greater conformity with long-established rules. The national capital has followed this course of development, and Washington presents few examples of departure from classic authority in architecture. So it is safe to say that while our Indian-corn may seek new mills in Germany, and eventually find its way all over the world, and millions now eating coarse black bread may learn the luxury of hoe-cake and corn-dodgers, neither "the tender-tasselled blossom crowning the tall stem," nor the "long leaf waving in the wind," nor the "golden ear in its brown sheath," will come to emblematic fame in the sculpture of American architecture. Corn and cotton and wheat and pork will doubtless be symbolized at our World's Fair as our great products, but it will be in a commercial rather than an artistic way.

Montgomery Wright.

MEADOW-LILIES.

A swaying group of modest, down-tipped flowers
Here rises above the meadow's tallest grass;
Near them unnumbered vagrant wanderers pass
On wing-swept pathways through the long summer hours.
Beyond the meadow one high mountain towers,
But naught within its forest-cool retreat
Brings to the heart a thrill more strangely sweet
Than this bright patch, the gift of suns and showers.

Queenlike they are in beauty, yet no more vain
Than some low-bedded floweret of the plain.
Yellow and brown, bespangled and bestarred,
Product of opulent soil and cool night dews,
This choiry band may well win more regard
Than all the blossoms that a Queen might choose.

Joel Benton.

AN ARMY OFFICER'S VIEW OF THE INDIAN QUESTION.

It is a fact not generally known that in the first treaty made by the people of the United States with the Indians the latter were specifically recognized and designated as citizens, and that it was agreed that they—the Delawares, and any others who would affiliate with them in their obligations to the people of the United States—should have a representation in Congress.

These concessions, made at a time when the colony-states were struggling to free themselves from the dominion of the king and Parliament, soon afterward went into desuetude, and were never realized nor revived. The early abandonment of this policy left the government free to recognize the separate political existence of the Indians, and to treat with them as with other powers, and left the door open for Congress to enter upon the right to legislate for them when legislation became necessary. We cannot prove that it would have been more fortunate for the Indians had this policy been maintained, but we may doubt that it would have entailed the heritage we have of political and industrial disparity, of antagonism, and of the memory of the cruelties and wrongs perpetrated on both sides for a century.

During the hundred years following the first treaty, between three and four hundred other treaties and agreements having the force and effect of treaties were made with the various Indian tribes. Of these much the greater number were for the cession of lands claimed by the Indians and of reservations occupied by them since the Declaration of Independence, and of which, it is commonly believed, they have been defrauded and despoiled by premeditated deception and rapacious violence, and without any substantial compensation.

The amount of polemical and romantic literature on this subject now extant probably exceeds anything of the kind in any other line of philanthropy, and the extent and extravagance of the denunciation bestowed upon the government and addressed to the nation for the alleged disregard of treaty obligations with the Indians constitute a monument of error and misunderstanding that stands in the popular mind in defiance of historical and statistical truth.

From the foundation of the government to the present time an average of over a million dollars a year has been paid the Indians for the relinquishment of lands that became valueless to them in their nomadic condition; in addition to which extensive and valuable tracts of the public land were set apart for them, generally in places of their own choice, only to be occupied by them until the game was exhausted, and then sold back to the government when another cession and removal became necessary. Although these vicissitudes must have had some hardship in them when they occurred, the ultimate results have been, and still are, of immeasurable benefit to the Indians, for some of these tribes have now a *per capita* wealth more than double that of any of the States of New England, derived entirely from the sale of their land to the government.

It is not denied, of course, that grave injustice has been done some tribes in their bargains with the representatives of the government, but the cases are comparatively few in which any evidence of bad faith on the part of the latter is apparent or probable. Indeed, with possibly a few exceptions, the guarantees given the Indians of the permanence of their agreements and the security of their tenures were given with the belief, well founded at that time, that the government would and could maintain the integrity of its promises. That this was not done was due wholly to causes that could not be foreseen and provided for, and which, when they came about, could not be averted; and while it is admitted that inevitable hardship and injustice befell some tribes, it cannot be shown that the government did not make adequate reparation for both the direct and consequential sacrifices demanded of the Indians, while, on the contrary, it is doubtful that there ever was a treaty or agreement made with an Indian tribe that was not evaded and violated by the Indians themselves whenever their interest or policy prompted it, often wantonly and without provocation, when it could be done with impunity. Moreover, when the nation became involved in war they unhesitatingly broke all pledges and took the side against the government, the Northern Indians with the English king, and the Southern Indians with the Confederacy, and although the government, with characteristic generosity, condoned and relegated these perfidies to oblivion—a magnanimity no other government is capable of—it has been requited with ingratitude and hereditary disaffection.

But while all honest-minded people must admit and deplore that injustice has been done and is still being done the Indians, an examination of the true causes of it will show that the government, considered in the limited sense—the national authority—is wholly free of direct responsibility for the uncontrollable destiny that has driven the Indians to the remotest parts of their own country, and left them, though unconquered, a legacy of misery and degradation to the most powerful and the richest nation on the earth, and that those causes are still active, and will continue to be so until other political and economic conditions supervene, and the relations of the Indians to the general government and to the governments of the States in which they reside are altered sufficiently to permit the Indians to be brought under the operation of the laws and of the courts, as persons with natural and statutory rights and obligations.

The pressure that the Indians have heretofore felt from the movement and settlement of the white race upon their confines and territory, and the fear and animosity that it has inspired in them, must in the near future be greatly intensified by internal development and the extension of the fields and industries of the superior people. No part of the country is now so remote or obscure that the home-seeker, the ranchman, and the miner have not invaded it and made it their possession, and now that all that is valuable of the public land has been taken by actual settlers and syndicates, the partition or invasion of the great tracts now reserved for the Indians cannot be long deferred. Considering the burden of grievance, real and imaginary, that some of the tribes are now bearing, it must be apparent that provocation of this kind will meet with resentment from them, and that the recurrence of war and turbulence on and about the reservations in the future is a contingency as inevitable as it has been heretofore.

The subjoined table exhibits a statement of the Indian population, the areas of the reservations, and the number of acres *per capita* in the States and Territories west of the Mississippi River, including Minnesota. In this it will be seen that the distribution of the land among the tribes is very disproportionate, that about 19,000 Indians have no land at all, and that the total area reserved for about 200,000 people is nearly twice as great as the area of the State of New York. Nearly one-third of this total is held by the precarious title of Executive and Departmental orders, which may be revoked at any time without legislation, and the lands overrun by boomers, as in the case of the Crow Creek reservation in Dakota a few years ago. The rest is held under the provisions of ratified treaties, but it has been judicially determined that the fee of the whole rests in the United States, subject only to the natural right of the Indians to occupation, and that even this right may be extinguished.

Indian Population, Areas of Reservations, etc., in States and Territories west of the Mississippi River, including Minnesota.

States and Territories.	Indian Population.	Areas of Reservations in Acres.	Acres per Capita.	Non-Reservation Indians.
Arizona	16,450	6,603,191	401⅖	1,350
California	4,531	494,045*	109*	7,000
Colorado	1,800	1,094,400	609	....
North and South Dakota	29,600	26,098,906	881⅔	....
Indian Territory	89,585	39,199,550	3,437½	....
Idaho	3,074	2,611,481	71⅚	600
Iowa	393	1,258	3	....
Kansas	990	102,026	105	....
Minnesota	7,979	4,747,941	596⅜	....
Montana	11,214	10,591,360	944½	....
Nebraska	3,701	136,947	37	....
Nevada	1,560	954,135†	611½†	6,815
New Mexico	25,998	10,002,525	384 4/5	....
Oregon	4,520	2,075,240	425	800
Utah	2,213	3,972,480	1,795	390
Washington	7,692	4,045,284	526	2,000
Wyoming	1,945	2,342,400	1,204¼	....
Total	213,245	115,073,169	495½‡	18,955

* Increased by recent Executive order.
† Including areas of lakes.
‡ Average.

The mode of life formerly followed by the Indians, and on account of which the reservations were first established, has now become impossible by the disappearance of nearly all the large game about them. The usefulness of the reservations in that respect is therefore at an end, and whether the Indians are permitted to live perpetually on the bounty of the government or not, the latter will ultimately be compelled to limit them to the use of as much land as will support them by productive industry, and no more. It may here be asked: Can the Indians be civilized and made industrious enough to support themselves? Two answers may be had to this. Those whose business interests and patronage would be impaired by the extinction of the Indian title to the reservations, by the cessation of eleemosynary gifts to the Indians and of large appropriations for their maintenance, will contend that civilization and productive industry are impossible, while those who have lived among the Indians, and made a study of their antecedent and present life, will maintain the contrary. To the former class belongs that part of the people of the Western States and Territories in immediate contact with the Indians, and many of them bear the same relation to the Indians and to the reservations that wreckers bear to a stranded ship. These are also very frequently the prime factors in producing and aggravating the discontent that often leads to war, which, when it comes, affords them a harvest that is reaped by them from the Indians and the government alike. We know, however, that at a time and under conditions that correspond to the state of European civilization in the sixteenth century, a few Franciscan missionaries in California, in the short space of about fifty years, completely and permanently changed the life, habits, and social condition of the Indians there, and made of them the herders, agriculturists, builders, and artisans who laid the foundation of the industry and prosperity of that part of the State in which they lived. We have also the evidence of army officers who have served with both the so-called wild and the sedentary tribes that the industrial civilization of the Indians is possible and natural, and that it is very much desired by a majority of the Indians themselves. Of course, as to civilization, a qualifying standard cannot be attained without a probationary transition, which must take some time; and as to industrial pursuits, we know that even among the tribes of the plains many Indians have successfully fitted themselves for and followed them up to the limit permitted by their environment; but while the reservation exists as such, without law, without security for life or property, without protection for the product of industry, with its open field and free scope for the maintenance of barbarous practices, superstitions, and traditions, and an asylum for the dangerous criminals of both races, any sensible movement in the line of civilization will be impossible; and the field in which mechanical skill and industrial advancement can be extended and recompensed will be limited by the same conditions, and hedged about by a barrier beyond which the Indian is known only as an interloper or an enemy. The only uncertain thing in the case is as to how the necessary change can be successfully made, for a change must be made, and soon.

The severalty land law, passed and approved in 1877, against a long and pessimistic opposition, will, in the fulness of time, if time will permit, effect much in promoting the movement to dissociate the tribe, and establish the independence of the family and the individuality of the person; but its application, which is chiefly at the discretion of the President, through his advisers, can only be slow and uncertain at the very best, and even may lapse indefinitely, from some cause now unseen. The severalty law, like the treaties made heretofore, was designed to meet an immediate necessity, in good faith, and in the belief that it was the best that could be done and sufficient for the future. It is not a new measure. In special cases it has been in effect already for a quarter of a century, with exceptional results that were thought to be sufficient to justify the specious opposition to the law as a measure of general relief.

At the rate at which the severalty allotments are being made now, it will take a hundred years to fully accomplish the purpose of the law, a rate so disproportionate to the rapidity with which all other changes and reforms are made in this rapid-moving age that it must be apparent that the provisions of the bill will in the end prove to be a complete failure, and perhaps at a time when it will be impossible to remedy it; and thus, the want of foresight and provision that has always characterized the government's dealing with the Indians and its legislation for them must be perpetuated, with attendant and unforeseen disastrous and criminal consequences. If it is only by legislation that this most necessary reform can be accomplished, why not amend the severalty law, and make its application to all Indians and all reservations mandatory and immediate? The objection to this will be that the great majority of the Indians are unprepared for it, and that they must first be qualified for the obligations and responsibilities that the change will impose upon them. If a point of time in the misty future of the Indians could be discerned as that at which this preparation might be considered ample, there would be some cogency in the argument that some delay for this purpose would be wise, though we have many reasons to doubt any diminution of the forces that antagonize the measure, and of the dangers that may fall upon and put an end to it in the mean time. It will not suffice to allege that the government has the power and the present determination to provide for the gradual and regular application of the law as it now stands, because it cannot and will not do it in time. A more practicable and expeditious plan will have to be devised, one that will not subject the Indians to the trial and delay necessary to enable them to exhibit satisfactory evidence of evolution to enable them to obtain what belongs to them now, and what they need more than anything else. Hundreds of thousands of citizens, and many who are not citizens, have had and still have the full benefit of the land laws without any higher qualification industrially or intellectually than either the Sioux or the Apache Indians, and nineteen-twentieths of the Indians who now have land in severalty are better and more industrious farmers than the lawless boomers who threaten the invasion of the reservations. It is not essential that in giving the Indians homesteads they be invested with civil rights in full, or that the general government relinquish authority and control over them. The right of the Federal government to legislate for and control the Indians is a necessity paramount to every other necessity, and cannot be abandoned until the Indians are qualified in fact for the exercise of civil rights, no matter how long a time it may take; but in the mean time the Indians, their property, their relative and natural rights, and the reservations on which they live, should be brought under the provisions of the laws and the jurisdiction of the courts, for in any scheme for the civilization of the Indians, under the reservation system or otherwise, this is indispensable as a starting-point.

Without it, the immense sums annually appropriated for beneficial objects and for alleged education are only wasted in official patronage, and as it has been apparent for some years that the Indian Bureau as at present organized is incapable of enlarging its sphere of activity, or even of giving effect to the present legislative provisions for the care and control of the so-called wild tribes, some provision should be made, by law if necessary, by which these may be brought under an administrative control that will bring about the contentment and the habit of obedience so necessary before subjecting them to the hitherto unknown restraints of the law and the courts; for should these be imposed upon them while their present mood of discontent, uncertainty, and apprehension exists, it cannot be doubted that their antagonism and disaffection would be aggravated by it, and that the inception of the measure would be a discouragement, and perhaps a failure. There can be no doubt, however, of

the desire of the Indians generally for the protection afforded by the courts, especially in the matter of torts and other adjudications between themselves. In California it is not an uncommon thing for the non-reservation Indians to make a tender of taxes to the collector, in the belief that such protection can be obtained in this way.

The inefficiency of the bureau for any practical work of the kind now necessary, the irresponsibility of its *personnel*, and the ease and facility with which its administrative powers and its resources can be utilized by the predatory politicians of whichever party may be in possession of the government, forbid the hope that its control and management of the discontented and restless tribes can have any other results than those that have obtained under these conditions heretofore. Fraud and peculations that no safeguards can prevent, and neglects and abuses that are borne until they become unendurable, and are disclosed by a demonstration or an outbreak, will be the rule while the present system lasts. As this paper is being written, intelligence comes that the remnant of old Big-Foot's band has fled from the Cheyenne River Agency to Pine Ridge to put themselves under the protection of the army officer in charge at that place, and simultaneously comes the news that at the agency from which they fled a fraud amounting to about $25,000 has been uncovered by the inspectors.

As these things must recur at intervals, and go on indefinitely, reacting upon the Indians by giving cause for discontent and want of confidence in the government and its agents, it might be worth while to allow General Miles to revive and give a trial to the plan he proposed to the government last winter for the pacification of the Indians and the settlement of the difficulties that beset the work of their civilization under the present management.

There can be no doubt that contentment and permanent peace would follow such a measure, and that the work that the bureau has essayed and promised so many years would be speedily advanced to a stage from which the ultimate destiny of the Indians—absorption in the multitude comprising the American nation—could be rapidly and peacefully accomplished under the ordinary provision of the laws and the protection of the courts.

WILLIAM E. DOUGHERTY.

MIDSUMMER.

TIGER-LILIES nodding
By the dusty way,
Crickets in the stone wall
Chirping all the day.

Clouds in snowy squadrons
Anchored in the sky;
Not a breeze to kiss the rose,
And make its petals fly.

And from flowered meadows,
Billowy and bright,
The quail on the snake-fence
Whistles "Bob White."

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

SHIP-BUILDING ON THE GREAT LAKES.

(*Continued from page 705.*)

Line; *Morgan City*, of the Morgan Line; *Morgan*, of the Morgan Line; the new United States Naval Academy practice-ship, building at Elizabethport, New Jersey; *El Chico* and the *El Mozo*, of the Morgan Line. When visited a few weeks ago, the Lake Erie Engineering Works had under construction 38 large Scotch boilers, each one designed for working pressures close on to 160 pounds of steam to the square inch. The establishment is now employing 260 men. When the engineering plant is fully under way, this force will be considerably increased.

The foundry of this big establishment is at present in embryo. There are four moulding pits, 30 feet in diameter, 20 feet wide, 28 feet long, and 18 feet high; two cupolas, one with a melting capacity per hour of 30 tons, and the other of 15 tons; and a 20-ton hydraulic hoist; also five electric travelling cranes—small ones compared to those in the engineering shops—one of 25-ton, one of 15-ton, and three of 5-ton capacity. The foundry building measures 300 feet by 108 feet; the blacksmith shop, 100 feet by 60 feet; and the engine shop, 250 feet by 45 feet. The buildings are all semi-detached, built entirely of red brick, iron, slate, and glass.

Unquestionably the oldest ship-building establishment on the lakes is the Union Dry-dock Company of Buffalo. The present yard sprang into existence in 1840. It was then known as "Mason & Bidder's Yard." It is to-day the Union Dry-dock Company of Buffalo, New York, duly incorporated, with Mr. John King, president of the Erie Railroad, as its president. In its lifetime Mason & Bidder's Yard not only built the majority of the largest steamships on the lakes, including the famous *Chemung* and *Owego*, but generally enjoyed the credit of setting the pace both as to type and style of craft best suited for lake navigation. In its early days Mason & Bidder's Yard undertook only the construction of small boats, sloops, and schooners, but gradually advancing, and commencing with the building of the old side-wheel steamers which formerly ran to Cleveland, Ohio, from Buffalo and other lake ports, the little ship-yard of 1840 found itself in a position to undertake the heaviest class of ship-work demanded on the great lakes.

To-day the plant of the Union Dry-dock Company is essentially that of a great ship-yard. No attempt is made to deal in machinery or boiler work. All contracts for machinery are made with the Lake Erie Engineering Works of Buffalo. Formerly, and before the Lake Erie Engineering Works had attained to their present magnitude, the Union Dry-dock Company was compelled to go to Eastern establishments for machinery. This was the case as late as when the *Chemung* and *Owego* were built. The U. F. Palmer, Jun., Company, of New York, secured the contract in the case of these two vessels, and furnished, as a result, the two best engines known to date on the lakes. Owing to the development of various lake engine establishments since the time of the launch of the *Chemung* and *Owego*, it is doubtful if even a firm of the reputation of the Palmers of New York will be able to secure further lake work, owing to the fact that the lake people now believe themselves capable of handling all machinery work that may be demanded in that quarter. When visited in December last, the Union Dry-dock Company was engaged in building for the Anchor Line of steamships (a lake line) a 3000-ton steamer; also an 18-knot excursion steamer of 100 tons displacement, to be driven by twin screws. In addition to this building work the company's water-front was found to be fairly filled with big steamers lying either end on to each other or abreast, all awaiting some form of repair work. The yards of the company extend fully 400 yards along the Buffalo river-front, and for fully the same distance along the canal-front. The depth of water outside the docks is sufficient to accommodate the largest lake steamer.

In the construction of iron vessels, the Union Dry-dock Company relies to a considerable extent upon Carnegie, Phipps, & Co., of Pittsburg, for plates, and upon the Cleveland Forge Company and the Delaney Forge Company for heavy forgings. The latter includes stem and stern posts, shafting, and machinery parts. At present the company is employing about 200 men. This force is in no wise indicative of the capabilities of the establishment. It represents merely the extent of work now on hand. Among the vessels built by this firm since 1872 are three United States revenue-cutters—the *Fessenden*, *Perry*, and *Hawley*—and the big lake merchant-steamers *Chemung* and *Owego*. These two vessels have each a length over all of 350 feet, a beam of 41 feet 2 inches, and a moulded depth of 25 feet 6 inches. The two vessels have each triple-expansion engines. The *Owego* holds the steaming record on the lakes. She has run the distance between Buffalo and Chicago —892 miles—in 54 hours and 15 minutes, or an average of 16.44 miles per hour.

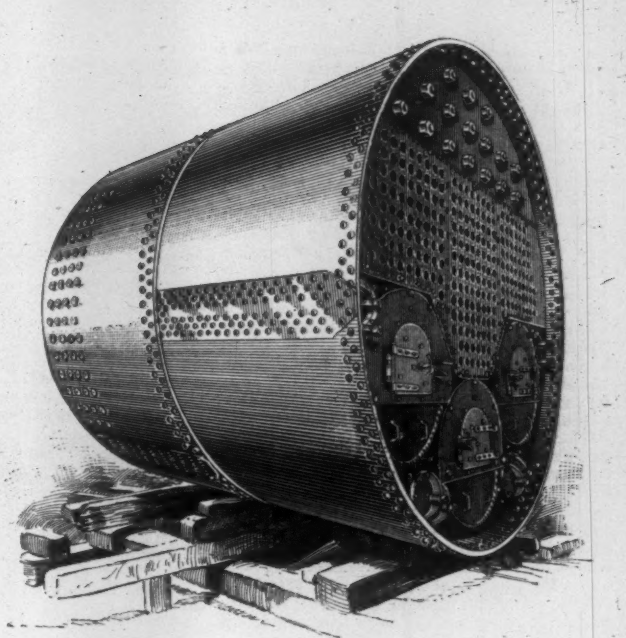
A run of three hours from Buffalo brought the writer to Erie, Pennsylvania. The city is situated on the southeastern end of Lake Erie. The place is thriving and prosperous. Before one fairly enters the outskirts, the sight of tall chimneys and curling columns of smoke gives indications of the presence of heavy manufacturing establishments. Owing to its location on the lakes and the close proximity to the great iron centres of western Pennsylvania, Erie is admirably adapted for iron and steel establishments. Plates and heavy forgings are to be had only a few hours' distant in either Cleveland or Pittsburg, and coal comes from the mines hard by.

The principal machinery establishment in Erie is known as the Stearns Manufacturing Company. Its general manager and head is Mr. J. T. Boyd. The shops of the company cover a tract of land 300 yards in length by 200 yards in width. Throughout the works the tools were found to be practically new, and all of American make. The establishment was found to be employing 350 men, this force being engaged in supplying machinery and boilers to all parts of the United States, a large number of orders being on hand from buyers along Puget Sound.

One of the most novel ship-building plants on the lakes is the Chicago Ship-building Company, of South Chicago, Illinois. The plant sprang into existence as late as February, 1890, and to-day promises to be one of the largest establishments of its kind in the United States. When seen a few weeks ago the establishment was found fitted out with tools of the latest and most improved design, and the yards connecting by side tracks with three big trunk lines. Although established so recently, the Chicago Ship-building Company undertook heavy work at the very outset. One of the first contracts called for the construction of two steel screw steamers of 3000 tons burden, measuring each 300 feet in length by 40 feet beam. These two vessels, when launched, were named respectively the *Merina* and *Masaba*. They are sister ships, and are employed in the grain-carrying trade on the lakes. Following these two ships came a steam-yacht, the *Whileaway*. The building of these vessels kept the new company busy until the summer of 1891. Then came a shut-down. Cause, no work.

Last fall, however, work was resumed, the new company having on hand the construction of a steel steamer of 3800 tons burden, measuring 350 feet in length by 45 feet beam, with a draught of 16 feet. This vessel was contracted for on September 28, 1891, and by the provisions of the contract was to be ready to engage in the carrying trade on the opening of navigation in the spring. In addition a second vessel of 1800 tons burden was in process of building, the contract in her case specifying that she must be finished and ready to engage in work by July 1, 1892.

The Chicago Ship-building Company's yards occupy an extent of ground measuring about 23 acres, with a frontage on the Calumet River of 1400 feet. The yards are provided with three main building slips, each slip being able to accommodate two vessels of 400 feet length. The keel blocks of each slip rest on piling driven 30 feet deep, and intersperse about every four feet. The keelway is mortised throughout its length on top, and the line is perfectly level. The vessels are launched sidewise. No trouble has been experienced by the new company in obtaining an excellent lot of workmen. Many of the ship-builders have been obtained from Eastern and Pacific coast establishments. There are men on the pay-rolls who worked on the hulls of the *Charleston*, the *Baltimore*, and the *Yorktown*. The general manager of the new plant, Mr. W. I. Babcock, was connected with the Roach establishment when the cruisers *Chicago*, *Boston*, *Atlanta*, and *Dolphin* were built. Machinists are paid from $2 50 to $2 75 per day; ship-fitters, $2 to $3 per day; ship-carpenters, $2 75 to $3 per day; ship-joiners, $2 75 per day; and laborers, $1 50 to $1 75 per day. Just now the company is working less than 200 men, this force being sufficient to handle the ship-work in hand. No trouble is found in obtaining all the workmen that may be needed. The principal officers of the company are J. F. Pankhurst, president; L. Allen, vice-president; and W. I. Babcock, manager. Mr. Pankhurst, the president, is also the vice-president of the Globe Ship-building Company, of Cleveland, Ohio. In conversation with Mr. Babcock, it was learned that the company only needed a few government contracts to warrant orders being given for the immediate increase of the plant. "We can build here," said Mr. Babcock, "any style of vessel the government may need. We have not yet undertaken machinery construction, but that can be readily done."



BOILER FOR STEAMER "KEWEENAW."
Built by Wickes Brothers, of East Saginaw, Michigan.

The iron and steel plant of Edward P. Allis & Co., Reliance Works, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, is beyond question the most extensive engine, machinery, and boiler establishment in the West. It is doubtful if there exists in the United States a single plant capable of handling the amount of material made possible at the Reliance Works of Milwaukee. In the single production of marine boilers, the Lake Erie Engineering Works of Buffalo exceed in capacity any boiler establishment in the country. In the manufacture of marine engines, the latter firm, by virtue of the plant it is now erecting, promises to lead all others in the United States, but to date, for the above combined capabilities, the Reliance Works must be looked upon as in the very first rank of American machinery-producing plants.

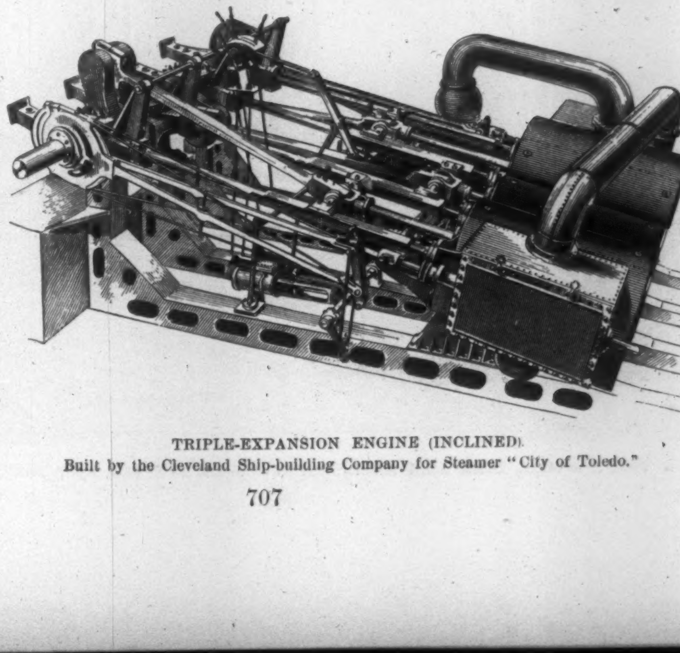
The Edward P. Allis & Co. Reliance Works of Milwaukee are distant about two miles from the centre of the city. The works cover four entire city blocks. In addition, branch works, known as the Bay State Works, and distant from the main works about half a mile, have a capacity equal to one-eighth that of the principal establishment. At the main works the buildings consist of one foundry, four machine shops, one wood-working shop, one office building, one warehouse, one blacksmith shop, and one stock-house. One of the single machine shops of this Western establishment equals in dimensions those of the entire lot of buildings of several well-known Eastern plants. The four machine shops run in length, respectively, 140 feet, 450 feet, 126 feet, and 240 feet. Space will not permit of a tool list of this establishment, for it must be known that 1500 men are employed at these works on machinery construction alone. The Milwaukee establishment built the first triple-expansion in the world designed for pumping purposes. The company built recently for the city of Omaha one triple-expansion pump engine having cylinders measuring 40, 70, and 104 inches in diameter, with a stroke of 5 feet, and a working power of 18,000,000 gallons of water in twenty-four hours, against 310 feet of head. The engine measures 38 feet in height. The Reliance Works have the credit for building the heavy steel rolls used by Carnegie, Phipps, & Co. in rolling the plates used in the government armor tests.

During the last year rolling-mills to the value of $1,000,000 were built for Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, firms. Four immense pump engines recently built and delivered have given a showing of over 14,000,000 foot pounds of work for each 1000 pounds of water fed to the boilers. The Reliance Works have built pump engines for the cities of St. Paul, Milwaukee, Winona, and Denver. In brief, it may be said that the stamp of the Reliance Works is to be found on machinery sent all over the world. Within the last three years machinery has been built at the Milwaukee plant and shipped to England. The excellence of manufacture of special machinery secured these English orders. Great quantities of machinery plant are sent out to Australia and India. Orders have also been filled for firms in Japan and China.

One of the best-known ship-building plants on the lakes is that of F. W. Wheeler & Co., of West Bay City, Michigan. This establishment first attracted attention in the East some two years ago, through its efforts to obtain the contract for the construction of the new practice-ship for the United States Naval Academy, to which reference has been made above.

The F. W. Wheeler Works have a frontage of fully 2000 feet on the Saginaw River. This is one of the longest water-frontages owned by any ship-building establishment in the country. On this water-front there are at present three launching slips, which will accommodate vessels 300 feet in length. Of these three slips one has a width of 100 feet, and the remaining two, widths of 70 feet. The grounds of the establishment run back from the river-front about 300 yards.

The F. W. Wheeler Company aims



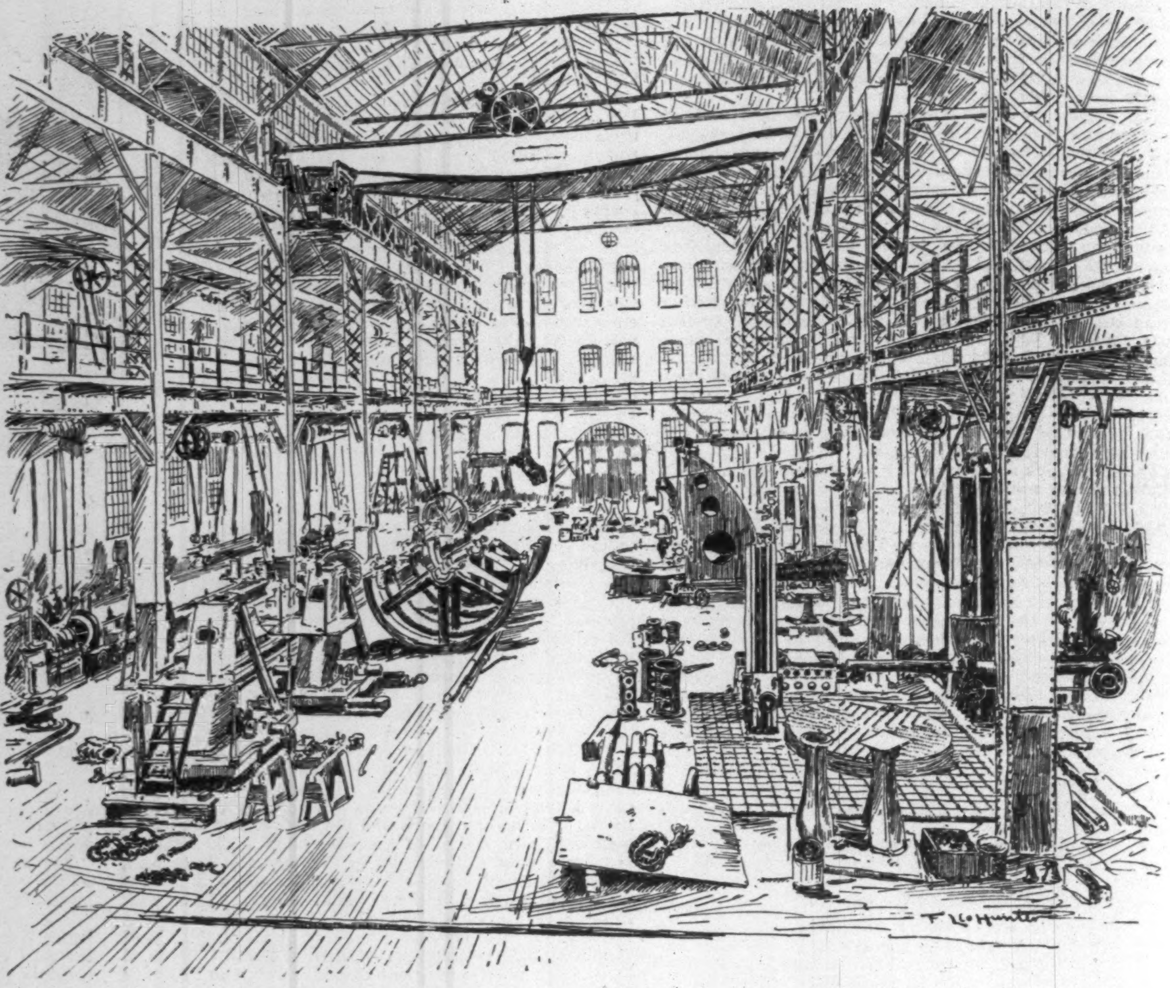
TRIPLE-EXPANSION ENGINE (INCLINED).
Built by the Cleveland Ship-building Company for Steamer "City of Toledo."

only at hull-work. All machinery and boiler work is sublet. For hull-work the plant is up to all modern requirements. The establishment has at present under construction one steel steamer, designed for a 4000-tons carrying capacity and a length of 345 feet; a wooden-hull steamer, 312 feet, and of about 3000 tons carrying capacity; and four government light vessels. In the handling of plates, and for the transportation of material from the shops to the hulls under construction, Wheeler's establishment has in operation a 130-foot-span crane, made by the Brown Hoisting-machine Company, of Cleveland, Ohio. This crane has a travel on a track 660 feet in length. At present the establishment is working about 600 men.

Among some of the recent heavy work handled by the West Bay City yards may be mentioned the construction of the sister steamers *Keweenaw* [see illustration] and *Saginaw*, now engaged in running between San Francisco, San Diego, and Seattle. These two vessels were taken through the St. Lawrence River canals in sections. They each measure 270 feet in length by 41 feet beam and 26 feet depth of hold. They are fitted with triple-expansion engines, and with steel Scotch boilers, built by Wickes Brothers, and carry 160 pounds of steam. The principal officers are: F. W. Wheeler, president; George Williams, vice-president and superintendent; and F. L. Gilbert, secretary and treasurer.

The engine and boiler establishment of Wickes Brothers, Saginaw, Michigan, furnishes nearly all the machinery and boilers demanded by the F. W. Wheeler & Co. Works. Saginaw is distant about thirteen miles from West Bay City. The city of Saginaw has some 46,000 inhabitants, and is one of the most enterprising ports on the lakes. Wickes Brothers' plant is distant not more than half a mile from the centre of the city. The establishment is in every wise equipped to handle the heaviest type of marine boiler and engine work. The principal officers of the company are: H. D. Wickes, president; E. U. Wickes, vice-president; and H. T. Wickes, secretary and treasurer.

The great ship-building centre of the great lakes is Cleveland. Let the ship, iron, and steel plants of every other fresh-water port in the West shut down, and it is safe to say that to-day Cleveland is in a condition to undertake, single-handed, the entire lake demand for new vessels. Some idea can be had of at least one Cleveland interest—the Globe Iron-works Company—when it is known that during the year 1890 this company turned out, at a rate approaching close to one ship per month, eleven big steel steamers, each vessel not much under 400 feet in length and 3500 tons carrying capacity, and not only built the hulls of these vessels, but provided each craft with triple-expansion engines capable of giving the respective vessels a speed of fifteen miles per hour. If we consider Cleveland in point of combined capabilities, it is safe to say that there is no single port in the United States which has greater facilities for handling ship and engine work. Cleveland is a mass of iron and steel establishments and ship-building plants, all operated under independent managements, but all maintaining a close touch with one another. It is this unity of action among its ship-builders, coupled with the natural and advantageous locality of the place, that has made Cleveland the great ship-building centre of the lakes. Added to the above are the push, the energy, the wide-awake spirit of the Western man. This latter must not be lost sight of. It is to-day half the secret of the greatness of the West.



MACHINE-SHOP, LAKE ERIE ENGINEERING WORKS, BUFFALO, NEW YORK.

Cleveland is anxious to engage in war-ship work, and if an opportunity be afforded the lake establishments to enter the arena of competition, Cleveland will be sure to be found in the foreground. The principal ship-building and iron and steel plants of Cleveland are the Cleveland City Forge Company, the Globe Iron-works, and the Cleveland Ship-building Company.

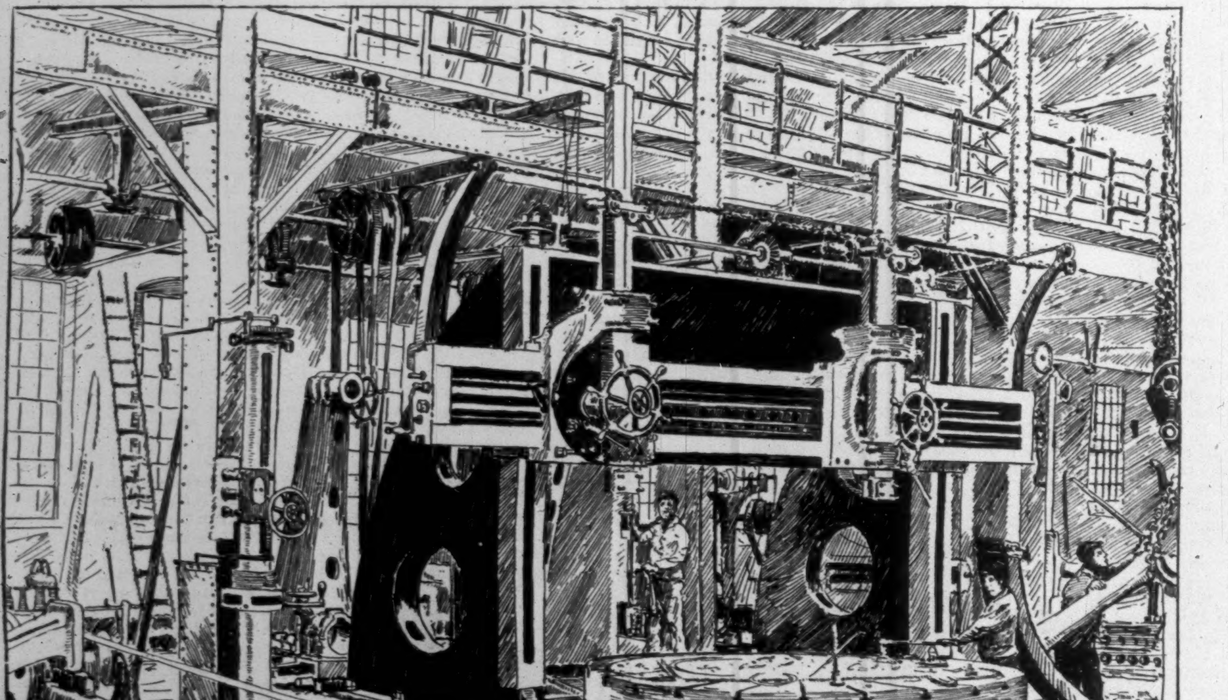
The Cleveland City Forge has a main forge building measuring 1600 feet long by 80 feet wide. In this great shop, costing by itself $300,000, are fourteen steam-hammers, varying in weight from fourteen to three tons. Attached to each one is a steam-crane capable of raising weights from 150 tons, in the case of the largest crane, to 10 tons, in the case of the smallest. In this great shop there is a capacity, aside from all ship-forging work, for making 500 car axles a day. With few exceptions all the hammers are operated by immense hickory beams, the largest beam being 26 inches in thickness. The heavy forgings for the United States armored cruiser *New York* were made in this shop. Forgings for the battle-ships *Indiana* and *Massachusetts* are now being handled. About 700 men are at present employed, their wages ranging from $1 75 a day to $17 a day, the latter wages being paid to those in charge of the running of the big hammers. The Cleveland plant's hammers are the largest in the United States for all-round work. The Bethlehem gun plant has several larger hammers, used exclusively, however, in fabricating gun material. The principal officers of the Cleveland City Forge Company are: R. H. Harman, president; L. M. Coe, vice-president and manager; G. F. Ely, secretary and treasurer; and R. A. Harman, assistant manager. The establishment is a plant of which any American may justly feel proud. It is doubtful if its capabilities are far exceeded by any similar plant in the world.

The Globe Iron-works Company has a ship-building front of 1400 feet, facing on the Cuyahoga River. On this front there are in all twenty-six launching-ways. There are at present under construction three large steel steamships, two government tenders, and a steel hull steam-yacht. On this work are employed now about 1200. The capabilities of the plant are only nominally taxed. This firm could readily handle the heaviest class of war-ship work, and if a battle-ship be ever allowed to the lake defence, this establishment can build her.

The Cleveland Ship-building Company has a water frontage on the Cuyahoga River of 760 feet, and can dispose of at least three large steel steamers at a time. The plant is almost entirely new, and of high grade throughout.

Mention should also be made of the Detroit Dry-dock Company, of Detroit, Michigan; the Craig Ship-building Company, of Toledo, Ohio; and the West Superior Ship-building Company, of West Superior, Wisconsin.

As above stated, the lake men are anxious to engage in war-ship work. They consider the treaty stipulations of 1817 in the light of a protective tariff maintained in the interest of the seaboard; and as an instance of their determination to obtain a share of the war-ship work, the lake ship-builders are now arranging for a convention at some one of the lake ports to discuss and devise means whereby the interests of the Northwest shall no longer be neglected or handicapped by an obnoxious treaty. The success of this effort means the opening up of the great lakes to the establishment of war-ship plants far removed from the scene of likely conflict. Such a result will be of national benefit.



VIEW OF A 30-FOOT BORING AND TURNING MILL, LAKE ERIE ENGINEERING WORKS, BUFFALO, NEW YORK.

ANSEL, 2.20, BY ELECTIONEER.

ROBERT BONNER'S STOCK FARM.

BY ELBERT T. RIDDICK.

THERE is no name so intimately and prominently associated with the American trotting-horse as that of Robert Bonner. He has spent more hundreds of thousands of dollars, not of inheritance, but of his own earnings, for fast trotters for his own amusement than any score of men who have used them for the turf.

Finding that he had impaired his health by years of close attention to business, he consulted his physician, and was advised to try horseback-riding. A saddle horse was purchased, but it only needed a few rides to show him that the exercise was entirely too violent. Then a driving-horse with a road wagon followed, and Mr. Bonner very quickly became an expert reinsman. Discovering, as he soon did, that the pleasure of driving came from the speed at which his horses were able to go, he determined to possess the fastest by the record that could be bought. At the time of his first purchase, made through Governor Rice, of Massachusetts, there were only 19 in the 2.30 list, and the great Hambletonian had still to put even one on the magic roll. Commodore Vanderbilt and Colonel John Harper were the only really well-known business men who drove fast horses on the road for pleasure, so that Mr. Bonner has been identified with the light-harness horse, both on the road and on the track, for almost the entire history of that production of the skill of the American breeder. This first team could trot in about 3 minutes, but this was entirely too slow, and he bought the then turf wonders, Lady Palmer and Flatbush Maid, driving them soon after the purchase a mile in 2.26, two miles in 5.01¼. This time surpassed all previous double-team performances, and horsemen could hardly believe that anything on four legs could go so fast. No member of a royal family ever held receptions crowded with such enthusiastic admirers as did this truly great pair of mares.

Being a strict member of the Presbyterian Church, many unfavorable comments were naturally made on his purchasing such fast horses, but he had carefully considered the subject in all its various bearings, and determined that a man could own fast horses as well as belong to the Church. He would own them for the pleasure of driving them, and would never under any circumstances permit horses belonging to him to be raced for money or other source of gain. There were many incredulous smiles when this statement was made, as it was considered almost impossible for a man to own such horses and not trot them on the track. The experiment had been tried time and again, with the invariable result of the owners finally drifting on the turf. Not so with this man, whose Scotch-Irish persistency had enabled him to conquer fickle fortune. He has steadily acquired the fastest horses by record as they came forward, and they have never been used but for his own pleasure and to gratify a personal ambition. A parallel of this isolated case will, in all probability, never again occur in the history of the trotting-horse.

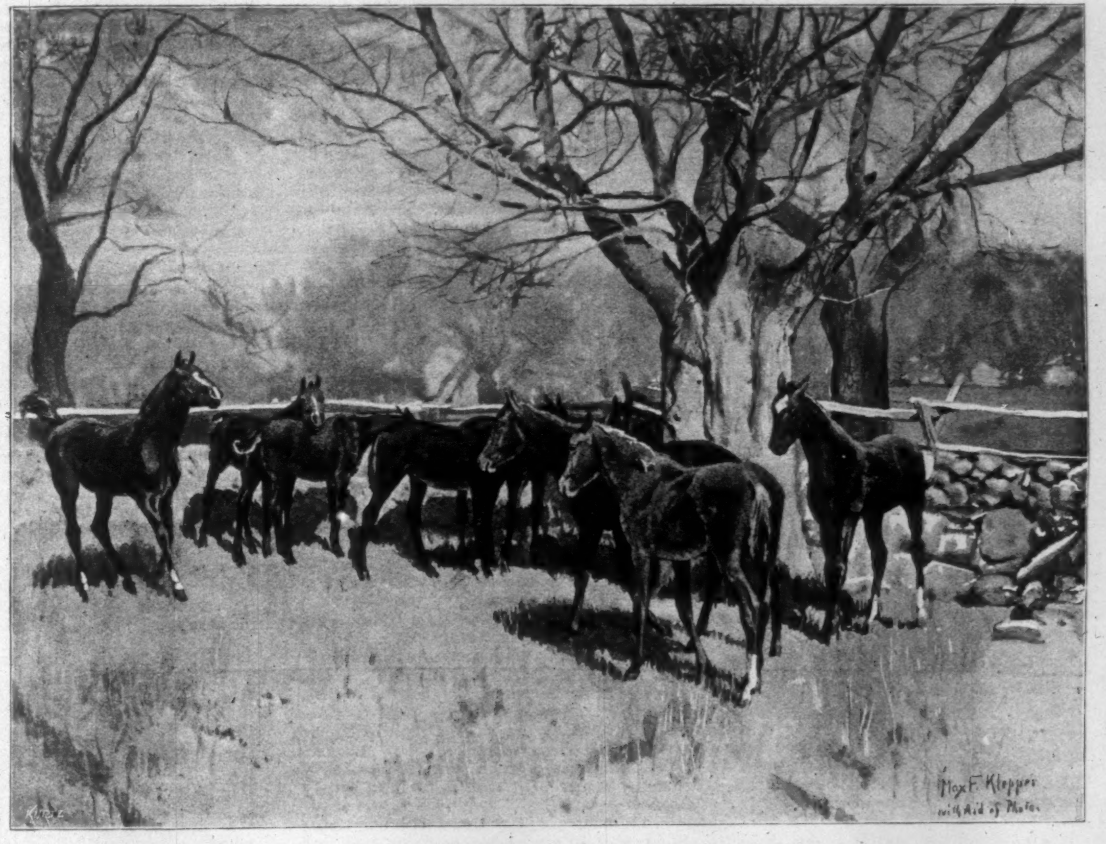
Many people have condemned this prince of trotting-horse patrons for his course in retiring the great horses of the day into his private stable for his own pleasure. In place of condemnation there should be praise, for he has stimulated more than any hundred men the lowering of the record. While there are many men to-day able and willing to pay long prices for fast performers, in those days there was only one, and breeders knew that there would be no quibbling over the price. Looking at it from the point of the animals themselves, he is one of the greatest of benefactors. Once the trotting conquerors have crossed the threshold of his princely stable on West Fifty-fifth Street, with its roomy box-stalls and big windows, they not only have their comfort for life absolutely assured, but they are prevented from being contestants on the turf when they have passed their prime. It is only necessary to study the sad history of the great turf performers, both trotting and running, to see that for this alone the name of Bonner will always be held high in the esteem of those who love the horse.

Since that first purchase there has scarcely a year passed that some long price has not been paid by him for a trotting wonder. Think of one man owning or having owned such great ones as Pocahontas (trial), 2.16¾, the first horse to go the half-mile in 1.04¼; Dexter, 2.17¼; Rarus, 2.13¼; Edwin Forrest (tr.), 2.11¾; Pickard, 2.18¼; Music (tr.), 2.18¾; Lucy Cuyler (tr.), 2.15½; Maud S., 2.08¾, and Queen Sunol, 2.08¼!

MAUD S.

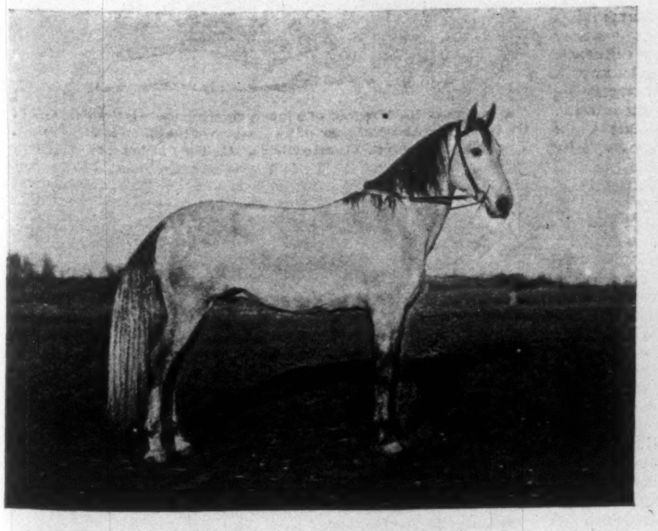
Owning such trotters, driving them constantly on the road, and learning to love them, Mr. Bonner naturally became a breeder. Having the horses, he must get a farm, and many weary days were spent in finding good grass, good water, and a tolerably level place for a training-track not too far from New York. As usual in all his undertakings, success crowned his efforts. His farm near Tarrytown, New York, contains 113 acres on a very high ridge of land. The only cultivated portion is about one-eighth of an acre, used by John Gleason, the foreman, for a garden. The land brings splendid grass, and is furnished with a never-failing spring just below the barns for broodmares, known the country over for its pure water. There are no mosquitoes and very few flies to annoy the horses at pasture. The track, 'way back from the road, is just three-quarters of a mile, and very fast.

The breeding-barns have been built, as was the stable in New York, for the comfort of the stock rather than for show. The barns form two sides of a square, having an overhang that in inclement weather gives an exercising walk for the horses. The wagon barn and tool shop occupy another side of the square. The boxes are large roomy places, with doors sawed in half, so that the top can be left open, while the lower half prevents the horse getting out.

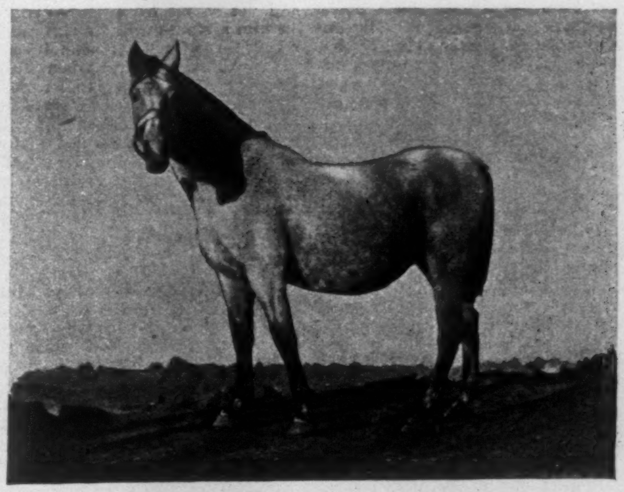


WEANLINGS.—DRAWN BY MAX F. KLEPPER.

A pair of beautiful brown eyes are watching us from a box-stall at the very end of the barn. They are easily recognized, if you have once seen them, as belonging to Maud S., whose record of 2.08¾ still stands as the fastest mile over a regulation track ever trotted in this or any other country. Sunol made her phenomenal mile in 2.08¼, and Palo Alto his mile in 2.08¾, over a kite-shaped track that is known to be several seconds faster than the regulation track. Maud S. is just now one of the centres of interest in the horse



NEWGUARD, BY NUTBOURN.



DAYBREAK.

world. She is in foal to Ansel, by Electioneer, the head of Mr. Bonner's stud, and a horse Governor Stanford declares best fitted of all others to be her mate. What will that foal be worth?

Mr. Bonner has always been a warm advocate of thoroughbred blood in the trotter for the purpose of establishing extreme speed and stamina in the produce. Now that he has mated the half-thoroughbred Ansel to the quarter-thoroughbred Maud S. he thinks that the enrichment of the thoroughbred blood in the coming foal will increase the prospects for extreme speed and endurance. Not only the great trotters, as shown by the records, but most of the great sires show the benefit of "warm" blood. The thoroughbred has been bred for speed for many hundreds of years, and has naturally acquired a wonderful speed organism. In fact, trotting blood is itself largely converted running blood taken in at the foundation of the pedigrees.

How carefully Maud S. is watched and fed! She is walked in the morning by Foreman Gleason himself, who brings her a bucket of water and her measure of screened oats with some hay. All of the horses are watered before feeding, as water is then better absorbed by the system, with no danger to digestion. After her breakfast, Maud S. on clear days is taken out into a paddock reserved for her exclusive use. The boy walks her about for fifteen or twenty minutes, so that she may wear off her first joy at being out, and not run or jump to strain herself. Then he quietly snaps the leather strap from the halter, and Maud walks off. She is full of quiet fun, and never seems to want the company of other horses. At noon she is taken up and given another feed of oats, and during the afternoon six carrots. At night she has a bran and oat mash with half a teacup of flaxseed. The bran is of the purest kind, and known as white bran. After her supper, for which she always has a good appetite, Maud goes to rest, doubtless to dream of the time when her foal shall be that two-minute trotter horsemen are now all talking about.

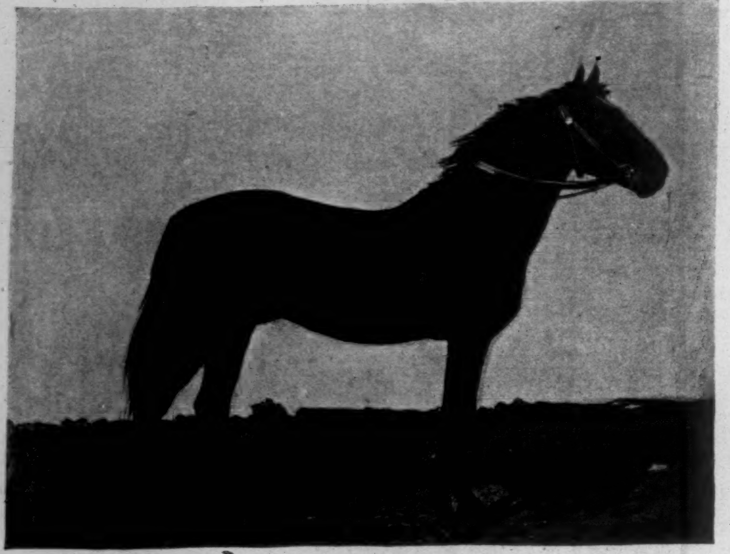
In the next box to Maud S. is her full sister, Russella, by the great Harold out of Miss Russell. There is in the adjoining box a chestnut weanling filly out of Russella, by Ansel, that has remarkably fine quarters and strong loins. It should be remembered that this weanling is the same blood as will be the foal of Maud S., and she has all the looks and action of a trotter. Then comes Lucy Cuyler, by Cuyler, who was driven over Fleetwood track a half-mile in 1.05 to top wagon, by Fred Bonner. She has been bred to Ansel. Then Peril, by Cuyler out of Totsey, and Manetta, 2.16½, by Woodford Mambrino out of Malmaison.

In the next box to Daybreak, by Harold out of Midnight (dam of Jay-Eye-See), 2.10, is Ansel, by Electioneer out of Annette, by that good horse Lexington, whose blood has enabled so many to enter the .30 list. Ansel is sixteen hands high, weighs 1140 pounds, and seems a bundle of steel springs as he plays about the groom. His breeding is everything to be desired both from point of fashion and that of performance. Electioneer on the paternal side, tested by whatever standard you choose, simply outranks all other sires of trotters. He has an even one hundred in the 2.30 list, including Sunol, 2.08¼, Palo Alto, 2.08¾, and Arion, 2.10¾, as well as the records for all ages, except that for yearlings. The blood of Electioneer is breeding on better than that of any other family of the same age. Ansel himself has three in the list, with many others capable of entering when trained.

Pedigree is a great deal, but when you get the horse with it, you have everything. Here you have both. A magnificent form, large bone, great power, and yet so far from coarseness that one might easily imagine him a stout-made thoroughbred. He has the Electioneer gait, that of a line, but his record of 2.20 is no measure of his speed. Governor Stanford, who bred him, said he would make a great stock horse, and he was not certain he had not made a mistake in parting with him. Marvin, who trained all the Electioneers, said that Ansel had the finest trotting action of any stallion ever raised at Palo Alto, and that he had ridden behind "a young one" by him faster than behind any other of the same age.

This is praise from a high source, but an examination of the individualities of the horse would lead one to expect his get to "go." He has a remarkably powerful quarter, with a strong and elastic loin. The thighs are well muscled both inside and out, hocks splendidly set, and the very best of feet and legs. He has a fine round barrel, well ribbed, deep through the heart, with plenty of lung-room. A clean-cut neck springs from long sloping shoulders, topped by a wonderfully intelligent head. His broad full face is kind, but has a look of "get there" that rightly belongs to brains. Ansel taken as a whole is a remarkable horse. In the adjoining stall is Eldridge, by Edward Everett, sire of Judge Fullerton, 2.18, and thirteen others in the list, out of Jessie Kirk, dam of Majolica, 2.15; Westchester, 2.29; and other fast ones. Jessie Kirk is by Clark Chief, whose daughters have produced over twenty standard trotters. Campbell's Electioneer, 2.17¾, is out of a daughter of Clark Chief. Another threw Coralloid, 2.19¾; another, Wilson, 2.16¼; and another, the once reigning stallion Phallas, 2.13¾.

Another barn, built like the first, contains Caprice, a black mare, by Startle out of Maud Macey; Cloudlet, by Homer out of Rosa Viley; Crip, by Mambrino Time out of Lill, by Regular; Daisy Darling, with a trial of 2.18¾, by Kentucky Prince (sire of Guy, 2.12); Gem, by Dictator (sire of Jay-Eye-See) out of a mare by Blackwood; Era, by Princeps out of Jael; Garland, by Cuyler out of Bonny Doon (dam of Nutbreaker, three-year-old record 2.24½); Halcyon, by Cuyler out of Lady Abdallah; Loretta, by Startle—Ella Sherwood; Maud Macey, 2.16¾ (tr.), by Joe Hooker, dam by Star Denmark; May Bird (tr.), 2.18¾, by George Wilkes; and Music, 2.21¼, by Middletown, dam by Roe's Fiddler. In the last box is that great mare Jessie Kirk, foaled in 1867, who has produced Majolica, 2.15; Miss Majolica, 2.24¼; Eldridge, 2.20¼; Nutfield; Starkirk; and many others. Jessie Kirk is by Clark Chief out of a dam by Captain Walker. Her last, a bay filly, foaled on June 9, 1891, is being made bridlewise. She promises very well.



ELDRIDGE

The track is laid out on a perfect piece of table-land. There is not a grade in it, and it is so high up on the back of the ridge that the rain that falls on the back-stretch drains into the East River, while that falling on the home-stretch runs down into the Hudson. As I stand at the foot of the timing stand in the warm April sun watching the horses as they are jogged slowly by, I find myself looking for the familiar figure of Johnny Murphy in some of the sulkies. What great trials have been made here! It was Mr. Bonner's habit to bring Murphy up here every Saturday during the training season, and let him speed the horses, or give the young ones practice. In those days there were three or four being jogged preparatory to being speeded by Murphy, and those Saturdays were constant sources of enjoyment to Mr. Bonner and his intimate friends.

But those days are gone, and there is a "little one" out of Lucy Cuyler—whom Murphy drove here in 2.15½—by Ansel, being taught what the lines mean. The open bridle and the bit in her mouth have a queer, uncomfortable feeling. Then the way the lines bear on the sides of her tender lips is anything but pleasant. She does not like it, and stops to turn round to see who it is holding the ends of those leather things. How gently the groom talks to her, and by gradual, easy pressure gets her to go the right way! It is a new experience, and gentle firmness wins in the end.

"It is so much easier to make them waywise now," said Mr. Bonner. "Then I turn them to pasture this summer, and break them to harness this fall. Trotting is an artificial action, and colts must be educated to it so that they will know nothing but trot. Begin early, and go on gradually. I do not believe in very hard work for the young ones, but taught their work, they will trot better and squarer. The people who buy now want speed, and no matter what you may say, the watch, after all, is what you go by. The prices of the best trotting stock are going up constantly, while the culls are going lower.

"There is another thing in raising trotters that many forget, and that is feeding. I believe in feeding the dam heavily, and the growth of the foal will show it. I tried an experiment with Westchester, the full brother of Majolica. Majolica, as you know, was a small horse, and when Westchester was foaled in April, 1881, I began feeding Jessie Kirk, his dam, who was the dam of Majolica, both by Startle, as much as she could eat while she was on good pasture. How that colt did grow! When he was ten months old he was scant 15 hands high. He continued to grow until he is, as you see, 16¼ hands high. I would not feed so heavy again, but it was as an experiment that I did it to satisfy myself of the benefits of good feed."

The mornings on the farm are busy times with exercising the stallions and young ones. After exercise, they are blanketed and cooled off. In the afternoon every horse on the place is thoroughly brushed and cleaned until their coats shine like satin. Mr. Bonner has made the horse's foot his study for many years, to such good purpose that not one of the 101 horses on the farm has a single spavin, ring-bone, windgall, or any other defect of the feet or legs. Mr. Bonner's theory is that if the foot is perfectly balanced so that the bones work in their proper places, as seen in the cut, that there can be no such things as spavins, splints, etc. He has maintained for years that there was no such thing as navicular disease, and he has converted all the great drivers and trainers to his way of thinking. Marvin has repeatedly said that if he had known what he knows now about the horse's foot, the record would have been different. Sunol was lame, although Senator Stanford did not know it, when Mr. Bonner bought her. Marvin shod her according to Mr. Bonner's orders, and she then made her great mile. None of Mr. Bonner's horses ever suffer from lameness, and most of them have lowered their records while owned by him, as by balancing the foot he gave them the greatest amount of elasticity with the least possible friction. Naturally, under such conditions, the blacksmith shop is one of the most interesting places on the farm. Mr. Bonner's favorite place is in this shop, just down the hill from the barns.

"Take that colt down to the shop," said Mr. Bonner to a groom, "and we will take the shoe off. He is lame in the same foot, the off hind one, that Maud S. was troubled with when I got her. She would never have been able to make her present record if I had not levelled her foot so that there was no strain on the ligaments of the foot. The way that blacksmiths are permitted to ruin the feet of valuable horses is a constant marvel to me. The same kind of shoe is frequently put on a trotter that goes on the cart horse, heels and all, with no more regard to the welfare of the horse's feet and legs than if they were made of iron. The shoeing of a horse is a delicate business, for the horse's foot is a marvellous piece of mechanism. Each part has a certain strain to bear in its proper position, and if any one of these parts is thrown out of balance, lameness soon follows. A man who undertakes to shoe horses should know something of the structure of the horse's foot. What would you think of a man trying to run an engine who did not know what the water-gauge was for? Blacksmiths will always remain as ignorant as they are to-day until the owners of horses demand that they know what they are doing when they pick up a horse's foot. As an instance of the bad effects of poor shoeing, spavin and ring-bone are generally considered hereditary. There is not a word of truth in it. Both of these diseases come from the form of the hoof."

"But, Mr. Bonner, would you breed to a spavined stallion?" I asked, somewhat staggered by such radical views.

"Just as soon as if he had clean limbs, if he was otherwise sound," replied Mr. Bonner, in a most emphatic tone. "Spavin, even what is known as bog-spavin or blood-spavin, invariably comes from too much toe. The bones of the horse's foot are made to fit just like this" (sinking the knuckle of one hand into the sunken place between two knuckles of the other). "The coronary bone [B] rests partly on the foot bone [D], sometimes called the coffin bone, and partly on the nut or navicular bone [C]. This navicular bone is placed between the flexor tendon [K] and the other bones to remove the insertion of the tendon further from the centre of motion, having a polished surface both toward the tendon and toward the bones. Now upon the free play of this flexor tendon depends that spring to the foot so necessary to the exertions of the horse. In great exertion the coronary bone is pressed suddenly and violently on the navicular bone, and the lower projecting part of the navicular bone presses and slides on the foot bone at the same time that the posterior surface of it slides on the flexor tendon [see cut]. The coronary bone is connected to the foot bone by two ligaments, while the navicular bone is connected to the foot and coronary bones by three ligaments. Now don't you see that if the hoof is not absolutely level, not too high on either side, nor too high at heel or toe, that when the force of the step comes, in place of the knuckles fitting into the sockets [Plate II.], the blow falls partly on one socket and partly on the ligaments? Thus the ligaments are strained, and the knuckle strikes only on the *edge* of the socket. It does not take many such blows to cause trouble.

"So much for levelling the foot, the primary cause of almost all the trouble in the horse's feet and legs. It would take too long to speak of contracted hoof in detail. Suffice it to say that the contraction is almost always brought about by lifting the frog from the ground, and so taking away all moisture from it. As if this was not bad enough, the ordinary blacksmith invariably insists on cutting away the bars of the foot. By cutting away those bars, they are taking away the very things Nature put there to prevent over-contraction.

"Nature in her wisdom has made the off fore foot of the horse larger than the nigh one, but this does not suit the smith, who always tries to make them of one size. The too-free use of the knife in unbalancing the foot always causes trouble. I am going now to say something that will astonish most horsemen—there is no such thing as *chest-founder*, and sprung knees come from the shape of the hoofs.

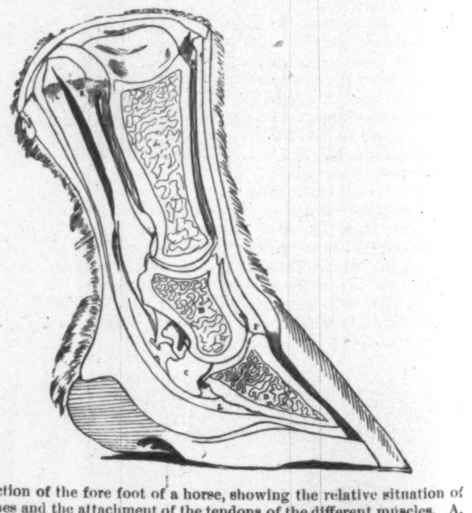
"It is time that gentlemen took more interest in the shoeing of their horses, and realized more fully the old saying, 'No foot, no horse.'"

When we reached the shop, the colt was ready and the smith had his kit of tools handy. Under Mr. Bonner's directions the blacksmith removed the troublesome shoe, and showed me how the contracted heels had expanded. When the heels had been cut down and the toe rasped, Mr. Bonner placed a piece of smooth marble on the hoof. There were still some inequalities in it, but they were soon removed, until every part of the wall touched the marble, which had been levelled with a spirit-level.

"When this colt first came to the farm he was so lame from a contracted and uneven foot that he could hardly walk. Now see him!"

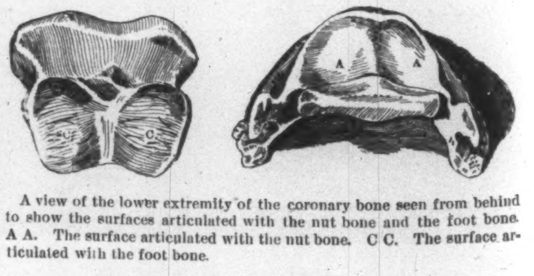
There was not the least trace of even hesitation in putting the foot down. Squarely and truly it went to the ground, gathered for the onward step, and swung forward with the vigor of a yearling who had never worn shoes.

PLATE I.



A section of the fore foot of a horse, showing the relative situation of the bones and the attachment of the tendons of the different muscles. A. The pastern bone. B. Coronary bone. C. The nut bone, or commonly called navicular bone. D. The foot bone or coffin bone. I I. The tendon of the extensor muscle of the foot bone. K. The tendon of the flexor muscle of the coronary bone. L. The tendon of the flexor muscle of the foot bone.

PLATE II.



A view of the lower extremity of the coronary bone seen from behind to show the surfaces articulated with the nut bone and the foot bone. A A. The surface articulated with the nut bone. C C. The surface articulated with the foot bone.

THE MUIR GLACIER IN ALASKA.

BY ELIZA RUHAMAH SCIDMORE.

SITTH-GHA-EE, "the great cold lake" of the Hoonahs, and the Glacier Bay of the summer tourist in Alaska, lies at the foot of Mount Fairweather and Mount Crillon, and near the end of that wonderful strip of our continent's edge known as the Northwest Coast. It opens from Cross Sound, and stretches for nearly thirty miles northwestward, and at the end four great tide-water glaciers pour their solid flood into the sea. Within its capes the ice-floes stretch for twenty miles, bergs and blocks grinding together with a stealthy, mysterious clink and tinkle, a crackle and hiss, that strangely charm the ear.

Near the entrance these dazzling fleets sail past intensely green islands and forested shores, but further in bare mountains rise, draw near together, and cloak themselves in snow. The whiteness of these glistening peaks, unseen snow-fields, and vast glacial plains reflects a light more intense than any amateur photographer can believe, and creates an atmosphere so luminous and so transparent as to baffle any worker with paints and brushes. Very rarely one may see a narrow black canoe afloat in the lower bay Seals bask on sunny ice-cakes or swim with their humanlike heads peering among the bergs, but no leaping salmon nor circling eagles give the Alaskan look to the scene. The Hoonahs have a few summer fishing-camps in the bay, and the abandoned cannery lends a forlorn bit of human interest to the shores, but otherwise the region is all a wilderness.

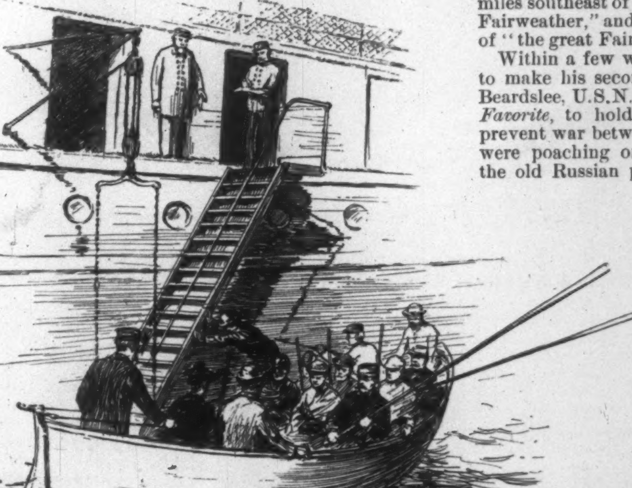
Even the Hoonahs have no names for the further landmarks, and cross-questioning one such oldest inhabitant through an interpreter there was a monotonous repetition of:

"He don' know." "He never hear." "He say just island."

"Hoonah peoples say, beeg ice, beeg mount," etc.

There are comparatively few legends or traditions attached to this realm of the Ice King. The natives only know its terrors, and have no feeling for nor comprehension of its beauty. Its mysteries have but slightly touched their imaginations, they have never sought its secrets nor its ways, and cannot tell anything that the rocks do not declare more exactly. As there were no economic reasons for their going to the glaciers, they kept away. Even seal-hunters go warily among the ice, where their canoes may be nipped between bergs, crushed or swamped by the breaking or turning over of such monsters. *Sitth* is their general name for ice, and its whispered sibilant suggests the Thlinkets' horror of cold, a horror that inspired their belief in a hell of ice, a place of everlasting cold for those who were buried in the ground or drowned, instead of cremated. *Sitth-too-Yehk* is the ice spirit, an invisible power of evil, whose chill touch is death, and who manifests himself in the keen peculiar wind blowing over glacial reaches. When the icy wind is stilled, *Sitth-too-Yehk* sleeps, or roams under ice labyrinths with his attendant *Yehks* planning destruction. The smell of flesh is distasteful to him, and if one should drop a bit of meat on the ice, or cook it near a glacier's edge, some disaster would overtake him.

SPRUCE STUMP IN BURIED FOREST ON EAST MORAINE.

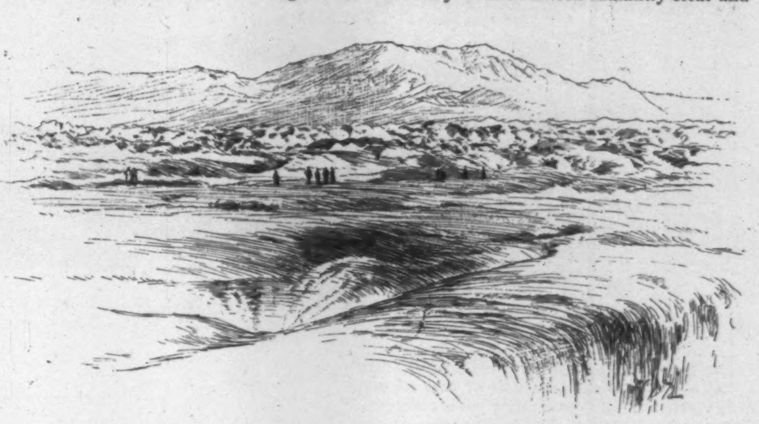


GOING TO THE GLACIER.

The Hoonahs say that "in their fathers' time"—which may mean fifty or two hundred and fifty years ago—the ice plains extended down to Willoughby Island. In the same indefinite era a glacier advanced and swept away the village of Klem-shaw-shi-ki. "It came down in a day, and it did not go away in ten years," they tell, showing the desolate place where the ice flood descended, ploughed up fields, swept away trees and houses, just as the Gomer Glacier once devastated its valley. At another time a glacier crept down and thrust its front across a salmon stream. When two slaves were offered up, *Sitth-too-Yehk* relented, melted away the barrier, and the salmon gayly leaped again.

Whidby and Lemesurier reported to Vancouver that they had been at the mouth of a large open bay, July 12, 1794, whose shores were "terminated by compact solid mountains of ice, rising perpendicularly from the water's edge." Plainly no northeast passage to Hudson or Baffin's Bay led from that entrance, and they passed on. Floating ice and strong currents drove all trading-ships to the south shores of Icy Strait, and the existence of the great bay was only known to the Hoonahs, who lived near and hunted in it. In 1877 Lieutenant C. E. S. Wood, U.S.A., who had parted from his friend Mr. Charles Taylor after their failure to climb Mount St. Elias, went up the bay with three Indians for a hunting-trip. He landed on the last of the low green Beardslee Islands, on the point north of Geike Inlet, and paddling across the front of the Pacific Glacier, found a camp of seal-hunters in the little bight near Dying Glacier. He found a camp of goat-hunters on the east shore of Muir Inlet, and joining them, went far down the eastern arm of the glacier, and, still chasing the wary goat, came out on the shores of Lynn Canal. In 1879, and again in 1880, Professor John Muir canoed up the icy reaches, and camped and climbed to his heart's delight. Neither Wood nor Muir named the place visited. One described it in a magazine article as "a great bay twenty miles southeast of Mount Fairweather," and the other in his lectures only spoke of "the great Fairweather glaciers."

Within a few weeks after John Muir had gone up to make his second camp by the ice, Captain L A Beardslee, U.S.N., entered the bay on the steamer *Favorite*, to hold council with the Hoonahs, and prevent war between them and some Tsimsians who were poaching on their sealing-grounds. Cozian, the old Russian pilot, had never heard of the bay, and with Dick Willoughby, a prospector living in Hoonah village, assured the company that they were discoverers. When the Indians told of the man who had gone up the day before the salmon began to run, and who was still there, not hunting or doing anything but walking around, there was no difficulty in recognizing the great glacialist. Heavy fogs drove them back before the *Favorite* had passed beyond the splendid limestone mass then christened Willoughby Island. Captain Beardslee named it Glacier Bay, pre-empted the archipelago of sandy islands—the crests of so many old terminal moraines—and made the first chart. He gave a tracing of this chart to Captain James Carroll, but it was not until 1883 that the latter was able to enter the bay with the mail-steamer *Idaho*. It was discovery and exploration to find the nook where the materials for a new salmon cannery were to be left, and the next day Captain Carroll pushed through the ice-floes to the end of Muir Inlet, christening it and the splendid tide-water glacier, and landing the first tourists on the west moraine.

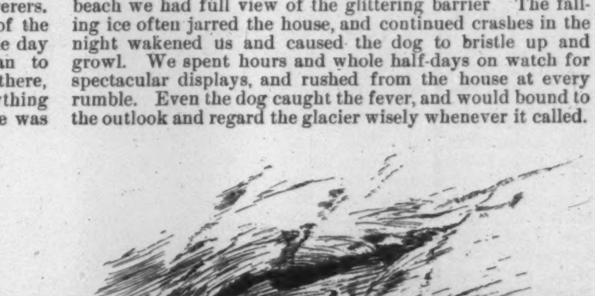


ON THE GLACIER.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. H. ALISON.

In 1886 Professor G. Frederick Wright camped on the east moraine two miles below the glacier's front, and, after a month's watch, believed that the ice advanced seventy feet a day at mid-stream. In 1890 John Muir revisited the glacier, and spent three months in camp. Professor H. T. Reid, of the Case School of Applied Sciences, of Cleveland, Ohio, with five young collegians, were his tented neighbors on the east moraine; and this corps explored, mapped, and measured the glacier thoroughly. They reduced the glacier's speed to a very snail's pace—only eight and ten feet a day—and Alaskans are only comforted by knowing that the Aletsch creeps but nineteen inches a day, and the Mer de Glace, with all its steep incline, travels but thirty-three inches a day. Professors Muir and Reid bestowed the few names which appear upon the latter's map. Mount Wright, behind their camp, and Mount Case, the splendid peak to the northeast of it, record the two camps of scientists, and the triple peak of Mount Young, at the end of the eastern arm, perpetuates the name of Mr. Muir's companion. Red Mountain, Snow Dome, Pyramid Peak, the Dirt, the White, the Girdled, and the Dying glaciers all describe themselves so clearly that one may recognize them without aid. Captain Carroll, claiming to suffer chills from seeing this party living in breezy white tents on the open moraine, furnished the materials, and bade the scientists turn to and build themselves a home. On rainy days they worked at trades, and a comfortable house, with a fine bowlder fireplace and a noble granite chimney, stands as a monument to their skill.

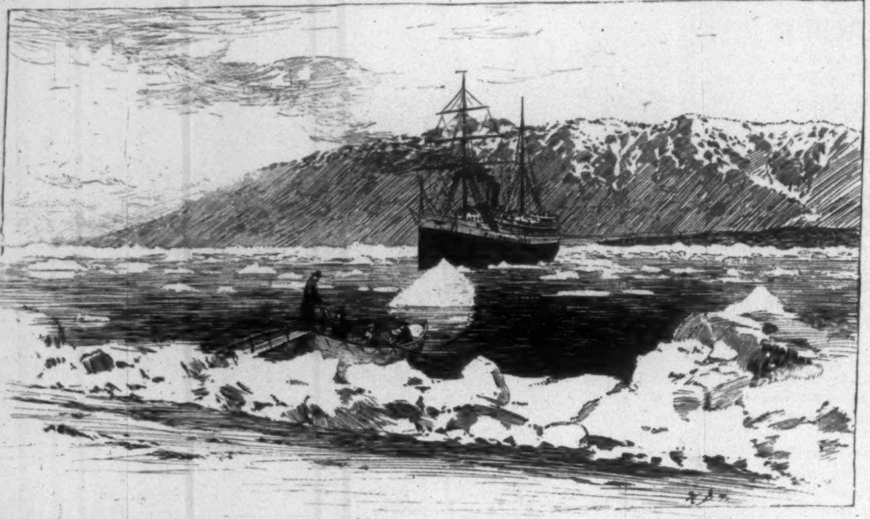
Having secured the use of this cabin for the following season, the excursion steamer left our party of seven at the glacier's edge one misty day last July As the mail-steamer was driven back by ice-floes, we lived in a world entirely our own until mid-August. An artist and a sportsman headed our forces, three women, a small boy, and his much-beloved setter dog completed the family, and a Russian hunter ministered to us. With time free and all camp drudgery off our hands, we found the stay too short; and making the most of every hour of fifteen radiantly clear and sunny days that succeeded one another, we came away leaving many things undone. The artist worked sixteen hours a day trying to record a fraction of his impressions of sea and sky, mountains and snow-peaks, and of the changeful glistening ice wall, an arrangement in blue and white a mile and three quarters long, and towering to a height of three hundred feet above the grayish waters that so often mirrored it We were loath to lose sight of the glacier's front for an hour, and even the sportsman was divided between watching it and his successful hunts for the big white mountain-goat

This cabin is a half-mile below the ice wall, and from the beach we had full view of the glittering barrier The falling ice often jarred the house, and continued crashes in the night wakened us and caused the dog to bristle up and growl. We spent hours and whole half-days on watch for spectacular displays, and rushed from the house at every rumble. Even the dog caught the fever, and would bound to the outlook and regard the glacier wisely whenever it called.



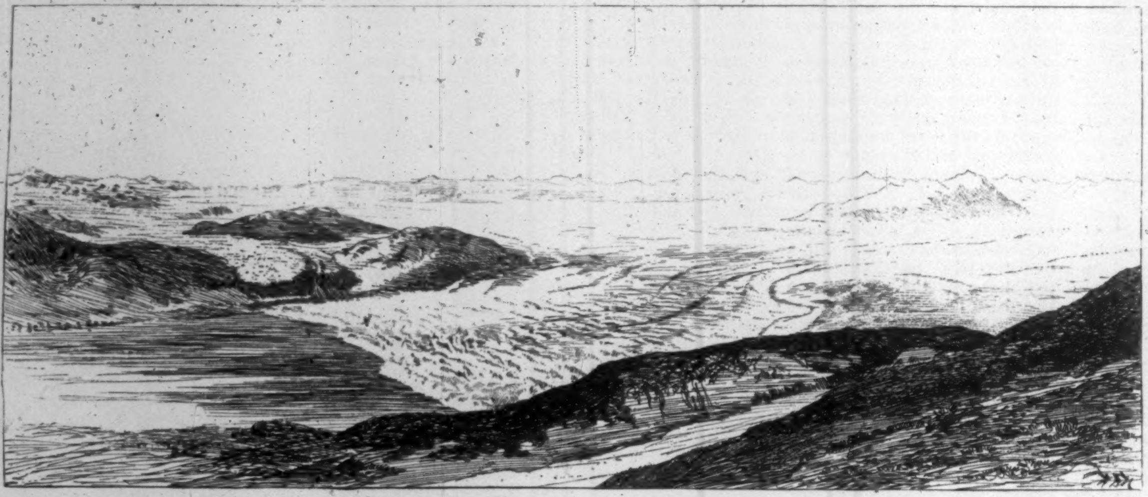
A PLAIN GEOLOGICAL STORY—SPRUCE LOG IN OLD MORAINE BENEATH THE PRESENT ICE SHEET.

We soon learned to distinguish the different keys in which the ice spirit could roar—to know that a single sharp report like heavy artillery was a falling block, and that a succession of such shots, a little Gatling gunnery, followed by one long roar, meant the crumbling and sliding, the avalanching and sloughing off, of tons of weathered surfaces and small pinnacles. Long-drawn thunder-claps, muffled roars succeeding one another, *Sitth-too-Yehk* holding each such deep chest note for whole beats, earth and air vibrating, and granite walls reverberating with mighty echoes, accompanied the great displays. Then peak after peak of the range of ice mountains would ride out, rise up, careen, and sink, to be gone from sight for whole minutes before they rose violently to the surface and floated away as icebergs. A quarter of a mile, even a third of the whole wall, would break away at once with a mighty roar, and plunge into the depths, and bergs would battle together and batter down other bergs. Great waves curved down the inlet, pounded as an angry surf on our beach, and swept icebergs high and dry on shore.



LANDING ON THE BEACH, STEAMSHIP "QUEEN" AT ANCHOR.—From a Photograph by W. H. Alison.

Then there were the submarine bergs detached from the long plough-shaped base of the glacier that projects far beyond the visible front line. These bergs of the deep roared in different key from the bergs of the air, and black monsters larger than a ship often leaped from the water three and five hundred feet away from the ice wall. Such a one once rose close beside the steamer *Ancon*, and since that frightful lesson navigators have given wide berth to the region of such possible torpedoes. An eighth of a mile is the nearest that ships venture to the ice wall, and soundings have shown a depth of seven hundred and twenty feet at that point.



MUIR GLACIER, FROM MOUNT WRIGHT.

The glacier's front has receded a mile since I first saw it in July, 1883, and at each of my four visits since there were noticeable changes. One season it projected in a long cape, at another season a deep horseshoe indentation broke its front, and for all of the summer of 1891 it maintained an even, nearly straight, line. Every break touched the wall with masses of blue that soon weathered to silver and snowy whiteness, and every hour of the day gave some different effect, some new hint or tint or tone of blue. Every twelve hours the falling tide banded it with a foundation course of solid sapphire, and this fifteen-feet tide-mark gave us a visible measure for the heights above.

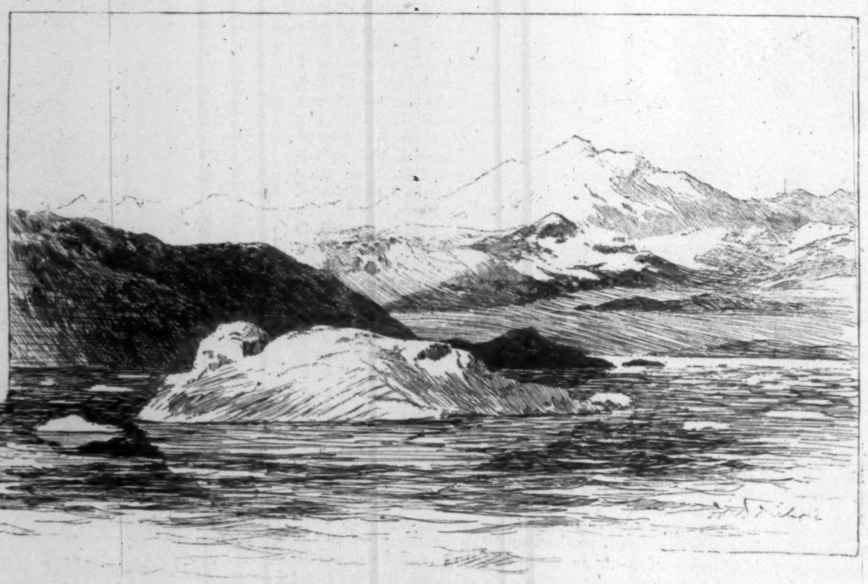
At the end of the ice wall the slowly moving buttresses and pinnacles have weathered to a solid opaque whiteness, like cliffs of solid marble veined and clouded with débris. These farther edges of the ice sheet overlie an older moraine, and the sharp cross sections at the angles of the beach and ice wall show many fragments of spruce and alder trees embedded in the strata of gravel, sand, and clay beneath the ice. The great trunks of old spruces, evenly sawed off by some prehistoric ice edge, stand in groups on either moraine, all telling plain little geological stories of that earlier time when this basin blossomed like the rose, and trees grew to the water's edge. Scratches and groovings on the bare mountain wall a thousand feet above the beach-level tell of that other time in the unchronicled past when the ice flood rose to that height; and it is fully proven that in some remote period the ice advanced and receded, rose and fell, as the result of differing climatic conditions.

FRONT OF MUIR GLACIER, FROM WEST MORAINE.—From a Photograph by Professor H. F. Reid and J. F. Morse.

The glacier plain, the great basin into which some twenty-six visible ice streams pour, covers more than three hundred square miles, and the Muir drains the snows from an area of a thousand square miles. The great eastern arm of the glacier has little movement, and lies dead and lifeless, a vast, smooth, white, rolling prairie, over which one may walk or a regiment of cavalry could charge for a dozen miles. The few crevasses are silent and shallow, the most of them only cracks in the surface, and but for the penance of treading those millions of sharp prismatic crystals of glacier ice—walking for so many miles on broken glass—one could roam that crystal plain with unalloyed delight. There is no living thing in sight, no sound save one's crunching footsteps is heard, and all sense of distance is lost in that white transparent air. As the white light dazzles the eye, something in the awful stillness dizzies the brain, and all seems strange and unreal. Ten miles down that highway are two lakes—Main Lake, lying on the water-shed between Glacier Bay and Lynn Canal, and Berg Lake, repeating the glacier's front in miniature, and matching that Margellen Zee in the Aletsch Glacier, which moved Professor Tyndall to such raptures.

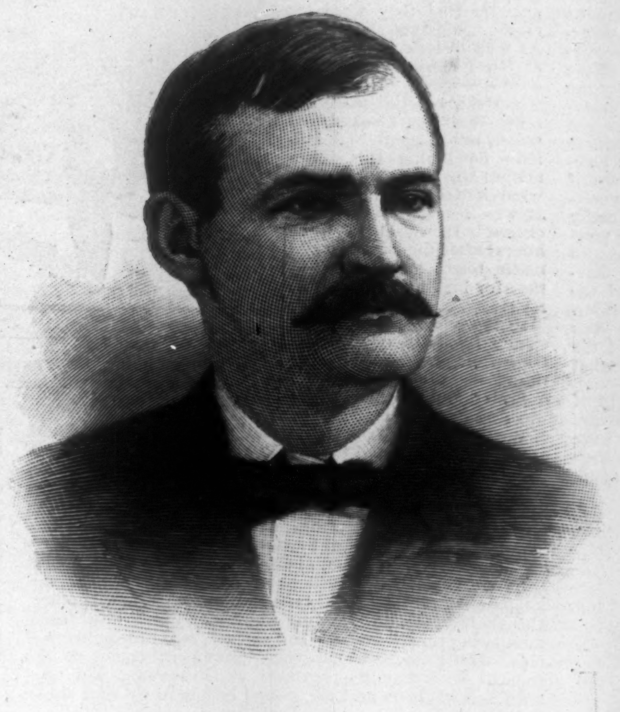
The living stream, the active glacial current, flows from northwestward, and one may trace its course for twenty miles towards the parent, never distant fifty miles from the sea. Medial moraines stripe the plain, and rise like terraces over either bank of this madly dashing, turbulent, apparently motionless stream. Cracks and seams in the ice deepen and widen to crevasses, in whose depths the pale greens and blues shade to duskiest indigo, and from which rise the hoarse and evil roar of subglacial streams. Crystal clear, invisible rivulets etch the surface with lighter lines, weave a fine, sparkling fret-work over the ice, and sing in softest undertones. Pools of still water, so clear and so transparent as to deceive the eye seeking their edges, where air, ice, and water meet, melt and shade into such blues as are the very ecstasy of vision. Colorless streams, running in beds of aquamarine, suddenly disappear in shadowy pits, in whose depths one hears the ceaseless roar of the glacial mills. Sand cones cover the ice in places like prairie-dog villages, and tabled rocks are scattered thickly.

From *nunataks*, or islands in the ice, Ararats whose bases are still deep in the glacial deluge, one may look down upon the white chaos and wonder surrounding him; and the spurs and shoulders of Mount Wright command wide views of ice plain, inlet, and bay, and a matchless mountain panorama. The glacier, so far below, is like a vast white reef of coral, or, as Charles Warren Stoddard has said, looks "just like the whitewashed crater of an active volcano," the miracles of fire and frost strangely resembling each other. There are hanging gardens on all those heights around the glacier, and from beds of bluebells, immortelles, and lupins one climbs to further acres and miles of heathery bryanthus, and finds meadows of fine grass starred with anemones, asters, daisies, golden-rod, buttercups, glumes, violets, forget-me-nots, and gentians. Grouse call to one another, marmots whistle, and the mountain-goat, browsing quietly, disappears like a flash at the slightest scent or sound. All the bay lies below one like a map, the Marble Islands mere draughtsman's tack heads on this sixty-mile-long chart; Willoughby Island is dwarfed to a bowlder with a few snow stripes on its top; and the vision southward is only limited by the intensely blue, the solid lapis lazuli mountains on the Chickagoff shore. Westward lies a wilderness of peaks and ridges, above which towers a trinity of serene white summits—Mounts La Céruse, Crillon, and Fairweather—the water foreground making evident all the fourteen and sixteen thousand feet of their height. Their slopes directly feed the great Hugh Miller and the Pacific glaciers, which furnish four-fifths of the ice floating down the bay, and so effectually bar its furthest reaches that no ship has penetrated to their fronts.



MOUNT FAIRWEATHER AND THE PACIFIC GLACIER, AT THE END OF GLACIER BAY.

GENERAL GEORGE R. SNOWDEN.
From a Photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia.



GOVERNOR ROBERT E. PATTISON, OF PENNSYLVANIA.
From a Photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia.

COLONEL ROBERT P. DECHERT.
From a Photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia.

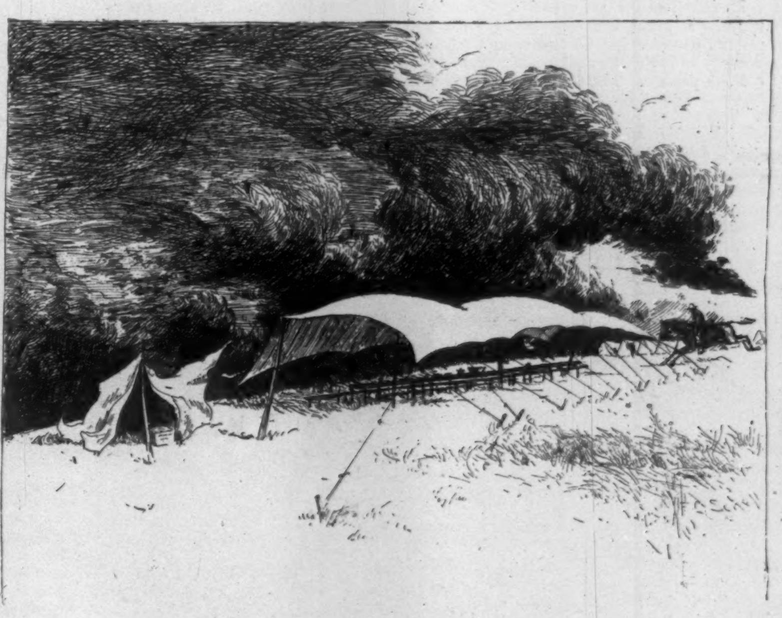
PRESIDENT WEIHE, OF THE AMALGAMATED ASSOCIATION.
From a Photograph by Dabbs, Pittsburg.

HUGH O'DONNELL.
From a Photograph by Dabbs, Pittsburg.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ADVISORY BOARD.
Board meets upstairs, Correspondence and Telegraph Quarters down-stairs, in large Building where flag hangs out—Strikers come to hear the News.—Drawn by F. Cresson Schell.

THE CAVALRY SERVICE.
The Sheridan Cavalry and the Governor's Troop going to the Rescue of Battery B's Cannon, which the Strikers would not permit to be unloaded from the Cars.—After a Sketch by F. Cresson Schell.

COMMISSARY WAGON TRAIN.
Taking Camp Equipage up the muddy Shanty Hill Road during a heavy Thunder-storm. General Snowden's Headquarters, the School-house on the Hill.—After a Sketch by F. Cresson Schell.



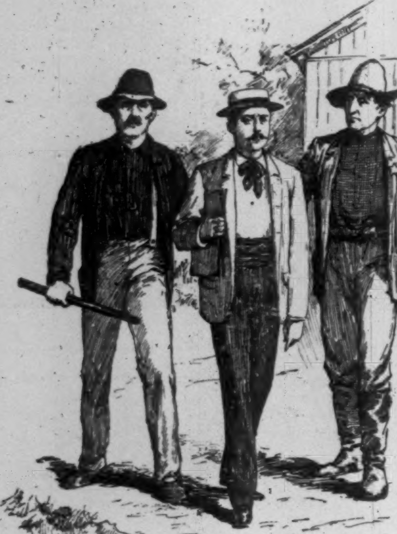
TERRIFIC THUNDER AND WIND STORM.
Many Tents were blown down.—Drawn by F. Cresson Schell.

THE HOMESTEAD RIOTS.—[See Page 714.]

THE LABOR TROUBLES AT HOMESTEAD.

WHEN this paper went to press last week the locked-out workmen from the steel and iron works of the Carnegie Company at Homestead, in Pennsylvania, who had resisted the landing and finally captured the band of Pinkerton detectives that had been sent to guard the property of the company, were in undisputed possession of the town and of the steel-works. The civil authorities were supplanted by the leaders of the workmen, who had sentries and patrolmen, and governed as they saw fit. Governor Pattison, who had declined to accede to the informal requests of the sheriff to send State troops to restore the county authority, had, however, at once made arrangements to send a large body of military to the scene of the rioting when he deemed it necessary. The sheriff of Allegheny County at length formally notified the Governor that the county authorities were powerless to preserve the peace and restore the Carnegie mill property at Homestead to its rightful owners. The Governor thereupon called out all the military forces of the State, and confided the command of the troops to Major-General G. R. Snowden. Arrangements had already been perfected to move these troops rapidly to the banks of the Monongahela, but what these arrangements were and what route would be taken were kept profoundly secret.

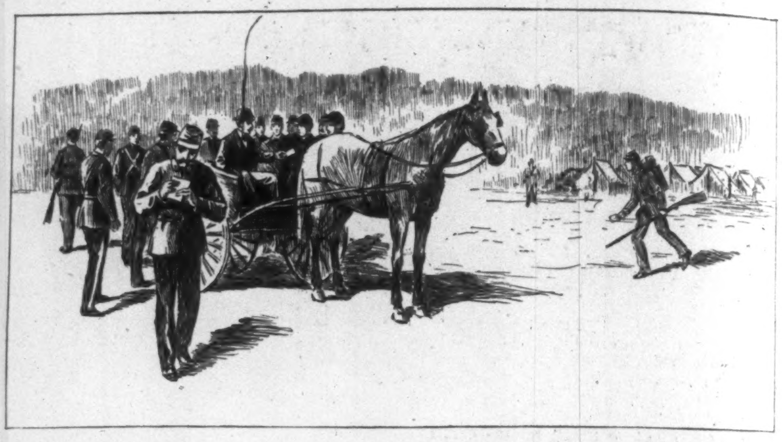
The people of Homestead had been up all the night of Monday the 11th, awaiting news of the coming of the army. The evening papers had told them that the soldiers were gathering at the call of the Governor, but as to the time they were to advance and win a bloodless victory all sources of information had been silent. The soldiers had left their homes, and then apparently had been swallowed up by the earth. A crowd that numbered a thousand or more lingered in the vicinity of the principal railroad depot. Surely, they thought, the troops must come to town this way, and we will see them first and welcome them. The two brass bands of Homestead were in their quarters practising airs of jubilation, with which they meant to greet the only authority that the people of the town admitted was greater than themselves. Burgess McLuckie awaited the news in a corner grocery, thinking over and rehearsing to himself a speech he was to make to Major-General Snowden when the commander of Pennsylvania's militia stood at the head of his troops, ready to give the order to "forward, march." There was talk about a banquet to be given to the Major-General and his staff when the army should have encamped, and there was to be a meeting of the Town Council, and resolutions were to be passed. It was to be a royal welcome, and it was in thinking of it and planning for it and waiting patiently for news that the people of Homestead spent the night.



ARREST OF A CORRESPONDENT BY THE STRIKERS.
After a Sketch by F. Cresson Schell.

Morning broke gray and sombre, and still there was no news. A great red sun rising over the eastern hills was partially concealed by the mist that hung over the limpid waters of the Monongahela. Six, seven, eight, and nine o'clock passed. The suspense was becoming painful. There were rumors that the troops were at Greensburg, thirty miles to the east, but telegraphic inquiries brought answers that they were not there. At last the news came. At 9.25 o'clock the operator at Greensburg slowly ticked over the wires, "No. 23 was wrecked above this place last night; tracks are blocked, and troops are delayed." A bulletin containing this information was pasted up on the window of the telegraph office. It was received with faint cheers. It would be three hours before the soldiers could reach town, and there was time for breakfast and a little rest.

At the moment that the despatch from the operator at Greensburg was coming over the wires, an engine drawing a parlor and a baggage car wheeled into the eastern end of the town at Munhall station, and right at the easternmost extremity of the great Carnegie Steel Company's plant. A tall and fine-looking man in uniform, with the two gold stars of a major-general on either shoulder, stepped from the parlor-car, followed by half a dozen other men, also in uniform, and by a seventh, who wore a citizen's dress. They were Major-General Snowden and his staff and Sheriff McCleary. Right behind this two-car train there came a train of ten cars, from many windows of which rifles and knapsacks protruded; and then came another, and another, and another, hardly a minute's headway apart, until trains numbering ninety-five cars had arrived, and blue-uniformed men, with guns and knapsacks, were pouring out on the tracks. Evidently the operator at Greensburg had been mistaken when he said the troops had been delayed above that town.



THE POST-OFFICE IN CAMP—THE ACCOMMODATING POSTMASTER OF HOMESTEAD BRINGING THE MAIL TO THE SOLDIERS.—After a Sketch by F. Cresson Schell.

There were, perhaps, 200 men and boys at the Munhall station when these trains came in. They were a sleepy lot of loungers. Like all the other people in Homestead, they had been up all night waiting, but they had not expected the troops to arrive at that depot, and especially not without previous notice being given. They awoke to the situation with a start. Half a dozen of them, who had the day before been selected by the Advisory Committee as couriers to bring the news in case the troops did come in by that road, started helter-skelter towards the town. "The troops! the troops!" they cried, while the others crowded down the tracks to the engine of Major-General Snowden's train and stood looking. The cries of the couriers as they ran shouting reached the ears of the Major-General, and perhaps it made the impression on his mind that that was a signal for the rabble, which, he suspected, might be in waiting to swoop down and attack the militia before the soldiers were prepared to receive them. There was a hurried consultation with his staff, and no time was lost getting the troops in line and prepared for anything that might happen. In the mean time Company E of the Eighteenth Regiment had been selected for skirmish duty and was marched straight at the crowd. The men fell back as the soldiers advanced. Not a word was spoken on either side, and the only sound was the rattling of the side-arms of the soldiers and the measured trampling of their feet. The march was kept up for a hundred yards, the crowd, not two feet in front of the soldiers, falling back. When the street crossing and the freight-shed, which is just opposite the depot, were reached, twenty or thirty of the men leaped up on the platform and clambered to the top of a freight car standing there. Two of the soldiers were left to keep the crowd where it was, and the rest of the company was marched down the track, where it wheeled, and marched forward, and back across the tracks, pressing down the bank on either side that part of the crowd which was outside of the line on the first march. Still no word had been spoken except by the company commanders. Half a dozen men had succeeded in dodging the skirmish line in all its movements, and now they approached Major-General Snowden and his staff. They were steel-workers, it was evident. They took off their hats as they approached, and the spokesman began,

"General, we welcome—"

General Snowden impatiently waved them off, and began talking with Colonel Smith. The men stepped up to Major Heidekooper.

"General—" said the spokesman, deferentially.

"What are your names?" demanded the Major.

"We don't care to give our names. We are a committee to welcome—"

Major Heidekooper turned from them.

"Well," exclaimed the spokesman, turning to his fellows, "to say the least, we have been treated discourteously."

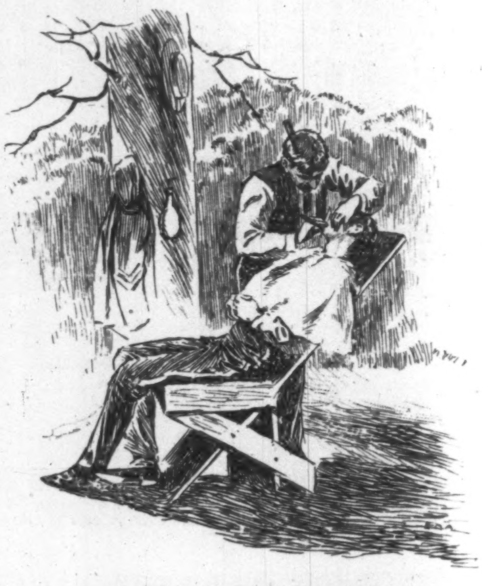
This little by-play was hardly over when Colonel Smith gave the orders for the Eighteenth Regiment to march.

THE HOSPITAL IN THE FIELD—PROSTRATED BY THE HEAT.
After a Sketch by F. Cresson Schell.

The Carnegie Steel Company's works are on the south side of the railroad tracks. On the north side, facing them, is the Pittsburg city poor-farm. This property was purchased two years ago by Andrew Carnegie, subject to a lease which the city held, which had three years to run, and which the city would not give up. A part of the poor-farm is called Munhall Hill, and here was the spot selected by the officers who had been sent on to reconnoitre a week before the encampment of the troops. The hill is long, with a gentle slope towards the base, but with rather a steep angle from half-way up to the summit. It is much the highest point in the town of Homestead, and from the summit the houses in the town can be counted. It overlooks the whole of the great plant of the steel company. The rifles of the soldiers can sweep every inch of ground in it, and there is no part of the town into which the ammunition of a battery cannot be thrown. A more ideal spot for the massing of troops could not be found in Allegheny County. Though the city had refused to give up its lease of the property, permission was given to the Carnegie Company to build streets along the hill, and laborers have been working there for nearly a month. Huge piles of earth had been thrown up, and they made excellent breast-works.

The Eighteenth marched up the tracks to the station, and then around it and up the hill to the summit, where a battle line was formed. The couriers who ran to town with the news of the coming of the troops had arrived only a few minutes before the regiment was in position, and by the time the people got out of their houses 500 men of the Fifteenth regiment had marched up and formed in battle line to the right of the Eighteenth. In half an hour the crowds at the foot of the hill numbered thousands. The Thirteenth, Twelfth, Eighteenth, Fifth, Ninth, Seventh, and each of the other regiments of the Third Brigade had marched up the hill. The regiments formed in parallel battle lines, and 4000 shots could have been fired into the crowd below at the word of command. The stars and stripes were planted on the summit of the hill.

After the display here provost guards from the Eighteenth Regiment were appointed, and under the command of Major Kay and Sheriff McCleary they marched down the hill, through the town, and up the hill again. They were cheered as they passed the crowds in the streets.



THE ONLY BARBER IN CAMP.
From a Sketch by F. Cresson Schell.

Not all the people in the town were watching this spectacle on Munhall Hill. When the couriers called "The troops! the troops!" many of the people who came running out of their houses looked across the river, and on the top of the hill they saw soldiers marching and countermarching, and the hot sun reflected by the polished surface of four brass cannon. Colonel Hawkins, the senior Colonel of the army, with the Tenth, Fourteenth, and Fourth regiments and Battery B, had occupied the town from the other side, and there was no hope of resistance even had there been a desire to attempt it.

So was the town of Homestead captured and occupied without the firing of a shot.

Visitors and newspaper reporters in Homestead were interfered with even after the arrival of the military. It had evidently been hoped that the mere presence of the military would put a stop to the usurpation of authority. But this was not so, and General Snowden was obliged to put guards in Homestead under the command of a provost marshal, though the town was not formally put under martial law.

Ever since the riots at Homestead it has been intimated that the workmen in the other mills belonging to the Carnegie Company would also strike, out of sympathy for the locked-out men. In the neighborhood of Pittsburg this company employs about fifteen thousand men. Including the men at Homestead, there are ten thousand of these now idle, for the workmen in the Lawrenceville mills of Pittsburg stopped work on the afternoon of July 13th. This strike was very quietly conducted and no demonstration made.

W. J. CHAMBERLIN.

AMATEUR SPORT

OF ALL THE GAMES ENCOURAGED or discouraged by the Amateur Athletic Union, the all-round individual championship is or should be the most useful, the most healthful, the most interesting. And yet it attracts annually about half a dozen entries and perhaps five hundred spectators. "This is not as it should be," says every one, and then drops the subject. That the contest this year at Travers Island was not worthy of review or remembrance is only to repeat what has been true every year with the exception of those when the powers that be were endeavoring to defeat Malcolm Ford by legislation after they found he could not be beaten in the field. There were six entries, four of them promising, but all third-class men except Long, who ruined his chances when he and Goff had a high jumping contest to themselves, struggling up to 5 feet 11 inches—a marvellous performance indeed; it left Long exhausted and beaten, and it lost Goff second prize. The champion, M. O'Sullivan, deserves his honors, for he has worked hard and faithfully for them, but he is a third-rater who could have been beaten easily by Ford, Jordan, Schroeder, and by Gray, of other years, and probably, under reasonable rules, in the hammer and 56 by two of his own competitors on Saturday—Long and Goff.

IT WILL NOT DO TO SAY that the all-round event is too severe, or that few men are fitted for it. Such is not the case. The argument that training for an all-round is too tedious, that the time and work in building up is discouraging, and that men cannot be found with an aptitude for the ten events on the programme—the sprinter can't handle the weights, nor the high jumper run—is very pretty. Its only fault is that it is not true. There are men to whom every kind of athletics is attractive; there are men with a natural aptitude for nine of the ten events; and there would be many entries every year were it not for the incompetence of the management. The real reasons for the failure of the event lie elsewhere. They are to be found in the neglect of the Union and its clubs to encourage this best and greatest of sports; in the tendency of each club to develop and to pet and occasionally to buy mug-hunting specialists, who can win prizes for themselves at many games and *éclat* for their clubs; in the fundamental error that underlies the whole matter, and makes the Union a factional institution for the capturing and awarding to this club or that of certain championships instead of an organization for the encouragement of sane exercise and the improvement of the physical health of its athletes. All the clubs are affected by this spirit; all are to blame. The action of Mr. Bartow Weeks, president of the New York Athletic Club, in offering prizes for all-round club contests, followed by similar steps in the Boston Athletic Association, may be a sign of returning sanity. That the clubs must encourage this sport in its various modifications ought to be sufficiently clear to any one who will look over the records. The all-round athletes of a decade are today without exception men of fine physique, good health, vigor, strength. The list of specialists living makes no such health record as does that of the all-round men, from the vigorous veteran W. B. Curtis down to Malcolm Ford and Alexander Jordan.

BUT THE PRINCIPAL TROUBLE is not with the clubs or the athletes; the real blame rests upon the legislating body. It requires the truest love of athletics, and a readiness to struggle against great odds to make the all-round champion. He should not therefore be further handicapped, and the willingness of athletes to enter the game still more lessened by the absurd legislation that for years has afflicted the contest. Unless the A. A. U. can fix upon a set of standards that shall be permanent, a competitor cannot know where he will stand from one season to the next. And as training for the contest is not a matter of weeks, but of years, it is essential that the constant fluctuations should cease. It has happened before, and it may again, that the champion of one year has been disqualified by legislation for the next. He may by long training reach the existing standard in his weakest points, only to find that he has been "frozen out" by another change. This may be, and it has been done out of malice against an individual, as when the half-mile walk was inserted in the programme; it may be and certainly has been done out of sheer stupidity, as when this year the standards on two of the weights are made so high as to throw out every competitor but one. Next year, if a good jumper has a friend at court, or a poor one an enemy, we may see the limit in the broad jump raised to 21 feet, or in the other to 5 feet 10.

Unquestionably the worst change ever made, and for the worst reasons, was the introduction of the half-mile walk. That was perhaps the most scandalous act in the whole history of American athletics, and for every reason it should be repealed. The so-called "walk" is not a walk; it is a false, ugly, awkward gait, to learn which a man must sacrifice all hope of ever achieving one of the greatest rewards of the real amateur athlete—ease and grace of motion. It should be expunged from all programmes, but especially from the all-round championship. That done, the Amateur Athletic Union should make up a fair table of standards, with the hammer at about 80 feet, and the 56-pounds weight at not to exceed 20 feet, and bind itself not to alter them for five years. Then, with Mr. Weeks's example followed, the number of contestants would grow larger each year, and the meeting become the chief single event of the season.

THE WESTCHESTER INVITATION TOURNAMENT ended very satisfactorily for all except those who had too confidently counted upon E. L. Hall's ability to defeat all comers. To them the outcome was a disappointment, for, while due credit must be given Richard Stevens for his victory, it seemed as if there was a combination of circumstances working against young Mr. Hall. This was chiefly due to the system under which the tournament was played—any player being disqualified by two defeats. Wrenn, the Harvard player, was undoubtedly the most difficult man in the contest to defeat, with the exception of Hall and Stevens, and yet the luck of the drawing brought Hall against him twice, while Stevens, by drawing a bye in one of the last rounds, escaped him altogether. Again, Hall played his final match against Stevens after having already won a hard five-set contest from Wrenn on the same day. Hall himself did not complain of this, and I comment upon it only as an incident bearing upon the final result. It seems physically impossible for any player to continue in his best form through eight long sets; and when it is considered that Hall played fifty-three games in the five sets with Wrenn, it may readily be doubted that the match with Stevens constituted an entirely fair comparison of strength between the two men.

IT IS TO THE WINNER, however, that the spoils belong, and in this case a considerable amount of glory must accompany them. It may well be argued by Stevens's friends that while he did not play Wrenn, yet he twice defeated Hall, who had won two victories from the Harvard player. They may well say, too, that the first victory over Hall was gained when the latter was in good condition and confident of winning. Stevens's queer, plodding, and obstinate game in the back of the court may not excite the admiration of the spectators, who perhaps prefer to watch a brilliant volleyer, but I do not know of a player who excels him in pluck, perseverance, and enthusiasm, all of which are qualities most essential to success in lawn-tennis. It would be difficult to convince the experts, however, that Stevens will ever survive through the final rounds of an all-comers tournament at Newport, so long as he remains so firmly wedded, as at present, to the back-court game. Indeed, so pronounced is his devotion, that I shall be surprised if one of the irreverent does not some day christen him "Base-line" Stevens.

LAST WEEK'S TOURNAMENT AT TUXEDO, like that at Westchester, was an invitation event, but so numerous were the contestants that it was necessary to weed them out in the ordinary manner, each retiring from the competition on his first defeat. Among the twenty-eight entries were such good men as V. G. Hall, R. D. Wrenn, A. E. Wright, R. V. Beach, W. A. Larned, A. W. Post, Deane Miller, J. W. Nichols, Jun., Duncan Candler, and H. M. Billings. The first surprise came in the first round, when Larned won from V. G. Hall, and that, too, after the latter had been within one point of winning the deciding set and match. Hall plays in good form, shows cool judgment, and has capital strokes, but his game seems to be wanting in some element vital to success. One fault plainly observable is lack of pace. The stronger his adversary, the more cautiously does he play, and the less speedy are his returns. Larned, on the other hand, while extremely variable, is likely to do his best against a most skilful player, as witnessed by his victory over Hall in the Middle States championship of 1891, a year in which the latter made his best record.

THE IMPROVED PLAY OF R. V. BEACH was once more demonstrated in the second round, when he won from Wright. He was directly afterwards, however, compelled to yield to Wrenn, who seemed much at home on the dirt courts and had no difficulty in winning his way into the final round, where he met Larned, who in the mean time had succeeded in defeating A. W. Post only after a hard struggle. Here occurred another great surprise. It had been generally supposed, I think, that Wrenn was easily stronger than the Cornell player, but my belief that the latter is the kind of a man who will always put up his best game when opposed by a strong player, was much strengthened by the result of this match. Larned won three out of four sets with some ease by continuous play at the net, while Wrenn just as steadily remained at the base-line. The match for the Challenge Cup, representing the Tuxedo championship, was won by E. L. Hall in three straight sets, but Larned made a plucky fight in each; and in the third, eighteen games were played before Hall was finally proclaimed winner of the Cup a second time. The doubles were won by Wright and Wrenn, the Hall brothers suffering another unexpected defeat at the hands of Post and Larned. The Halls are to play together in the championships, but at present their chances do not appear bright.

THE WESTERN CHAMPIONSHIP IN DOUBLES was decided last week on the grounds of the Kenwood Club at Chicago, after a struggle by far the most interesting since the inauguration of the event, the great feature being the presence of Hubbard and Tobin, the champion pair of the Pacific coast, who had journeyed all the way from San Francisco in order to meet the other cracks of the West. Under such circumstances it must have been an unusually bitter disappointment to suffer defeat, after being within a point or two of winning from the best pair in the tournament. They were beaten by Carver and Ryerson in a match of five sets, and the score of the fifth set was 9–7. Their conquerors were in turn the winners of the tournament and the Western Championship, and it is reasonable to assume that the Californians might have occupied the same position had fate been a little kinder. Notwithstanding their defeat, it is understood that both Hubbard and Tobin will come East, and possibly enter at Newport and in other tournaments of the midsummer.

RYERSON AND CHASE, the Western champions of last year, separated this season, and the former returned to his old partner of two years ago, Carver, while Chase took up with Q. A. Shaw, Jun., a well-known player from Boston. Technically there is no objection to Shaw's entering the Western tournament, but had he and Chase happened to win the Western championship, it would have robbed the championship match at Newport of almost all sectional interest and enthusiasm, for only one *bona fide* Western man would have been competing for the honor. As it is, however, Carver and Ryerson will once more make the struggle for the West, and it is doubtful if their effort will be more successful than in the past; for while Ryerson has improved somewhat, Carver will hardly be the equal of Chase in his last year's form, and it is certain that some of the Eastern teams will be stronger than in previous seasons, when little or no interest was taken in doubles. The transfer to Saratoga is almost sure to create new enthusiasm, and the play should improve accordingly. Returning to Chicago, Chase, while defeated in doubles, was able to defend his championship in singles against the challenge of Ryerson, who won the tournament very handily, defeating among others Shaw and Cole, of Detroit.

THE ANNUAL CONTEST AT SEABRIGHT was not a successful affair this year. It appears that the club offered no prize to the winner other than the honor of meeting Richard Stevens, the present holder of the challenge cup. The meeting and defeating of the redoubtable Stevens would indeed have been an honor, but the prospect of a beating in three straight sets was not sufficiently tempting to induce any player of note to enter, and, as a consequence, Stevens captured the cup with scarcely an effort. Hardly more successful was the hotel tournament at the Wentworth, Newcastle, New Hampshire, the glory of which seems to have entirely departed with the death of Henry A. Ditson, its bright and active manager for several years past. The firm of Wright & Ditson now has no connection with the tournament, which is managed by the hotel. Last week F. H. Hovey and M. G. Chace were the only well-known players entered, and the former, together with his partner in the doubles, H. G. Bixby, captured all the honors.

THIS WEEK MANY OF THE CRACK players are at the Longwood Cricket Club, Boston. Some of New York's best men are there meeting the pick of the New England experts. If Hovey wins the tournament, as he probably will, we may look for another hot fight between him and E. L. Hall, as I understand that the latter will defend the Longwood Challenge Cup, which he captured for the first time last year. I am asked by the Executive Committee of the National Association to announce that the Eastern championship for doubles will begin on Tuesday, August 2d, instead of August 1st, as announced in the circular recently sent out by the secretary. All contestants must report at Congress Park, Saratoga, promptly at 2 P.M., August 2d. Any player who enters is at least sure of having a pleasant week at Saratoga, and it is earnestly desired by the committee that the entry be large, so that the double championship may be restored to the prominence which it deserves.

OYSTER BAY POLO WEEK always furnishes good sport, and this year it has been especially enjoyable—in fact, the best on record. On Monday, Essex (which had beaten Morristown on the Orange grounds 12 goals to 4) and Westchester (which had beaten Morristown 10 to 6) came together. Westchester's fine record of victories this spring made us all look for a close game, with the probabilities against Essex. But the latter has the best team it has ever had. Dallett and Ferguson ride hard and hit true; Farr hits remarkably, and is sometimes very fast; and Robinson is not only a first-class back, but as captain has made his team play well together. He himself individually scarcely played as well as usual against Westchester, but the three forwards, especially Farr and Dallett, played the game of their lives. Rushing at the Westchesters, who were poorly mounted, and were evidently much at sea on that account, they completely demoralized them, making goal after goal, their great superiority in team play, in speed, and, above all, in "snap" completely offsetting the superior hitting of their opponents. Stowe was very sure and strong in his blows, but the slowest of all; Bates could not ride out Robinson; Havemeyer and Potter were much faster than Stowe, but did not hit so well. In the first half of the game—that is, until the middle of the second twenty minutes—Essex had it all its own way, and made 13 goals, Westchester going to pieces. Then they braced, outlasted Essex, and rather more than held their own until the end, the score being 16 to 4. They were handicapped even at 17 goals.

ON TUESDAY SECOND MEADOWBROOK gave Oyster Bay six goals and a beating, winning by $2\frac{1}{4}$ goals. It was a team Theodore Roosevelt had gathered with infinite labor during the week he had been home; they had never played on the same side before. Mr. Roosevelt began as No. 3, but had to shift to No. 1, although this nearly spoiled his acting as captain, but none other had so generous a share of the "sand" necessary to the position. Cowdin can ride and hit well for a beginner; but he must learn to obey orders, and must study the game and practise incessantly before he can ever hope to even approach the playing of his brother John, of Rockaway fame. Underhill rides fast and sometimes hits well, but should avoid gallery-playing, as it spoils his usefulness. Roby has in him the making of a good back. Oyster Bay was beaten chiefly owing to their total lack of team play in both the first periods, but in the last they had gotten together, and bested their opponents. Cowdin made one goal, Underhill one, and Roosevelt two. Of the Meadowbrooks, Kernochan was the surest hitter, Carroll and Winthrop rode hard, and Kennedy was a good cool strong hitter at back; he may become a really good back yet. Their team play was good. They made 5 goals in the first innings, 6 in the second, and only 2 in the last, when Oyster Bay had them on the defensive, scored three times against them, and forced them also to make three safeties. Altogether the home team did better than any one dared to expect a scratch team would, and, as last year, the credit must fall to Theodore Roosevelt, who, thorough sportsman that he is, seems to infuse a degree of his own enthusiasm and energy into those he leads, whether on the political or polo field. Too much of a complimentary nature cannot be said of men who without preliminary practice and with no hope of winning will go out and put in an hour's play at so hard a game as polo. It shows they are sportsmen to the marrow.

ESSEX MET MORRISTOWN on Thursday, conceding them 2 goals, and, to the surprise of everybody, was beaten in a game showing the hardest play and best team-work of the season. Each side scored 3 goals, and adding in the handicap fouls and safeties, the final score stood $6\frac{1}{4}$ to $3\frac{3}{4}$. In the first period the Essex team gained slightly, but it then went to pieces, and only Robinson's admirable playing—he never made a mistake—kept his side in heart at all, and staved off a crushing defeat. The Morristown forwards showed better team play. They hit better and their ponies were faster than the Essex forwards. They completely overmastered the latter, who became demoralized. Yet Robinson so far evened up matters that though the playing was chiefly near the Essex goal posts, the game was very close and exciting.

The playing of the Morristown and Essex teams is particularly enjoyable to me because all their members are hard-working business men, who make sport a servant, not a master—therein being true Americans. We must have the *bulk* of our sporting men like this, though we should also have a few like Keene, Hitchcock, and others.

THAT MORRISTOWN SHOULD HAVE any difficulty in defeating the second Meadow Brook team on Saturday was hardly to be expected; but they did, and barely won by eight goals to seven, counting handicap. Messrs. Kernochan, Carroll, and B. Winthrop played the best game of their career, evidently very confident of being well backed by R. D. Winthrop, back of the first Meadowbrook team, who was filling that position for them. His playing changed the game from an easy thing for Morristown to a close contest. Every encouragement should be given these second teams; it is to them we look for future players. Lord, Nicoll, and Day made three driving forwards, but they did not realize what a contract they had on hand until the game was half over. Henderson gives promise of making a No. 4.

Westchester Polo Club, Newport, August 15th to 25th.
Myopia Polo Club, Hamilton, Massachusetts, Polo Association Cups, September 5th to 15th.
Hingham Polo Club, Hingham, Massachusetts, September 19th to 24th.
Country Club of Brookline, Brookline, Massachusetts, September 26th to October 6th.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

CYRUS W. FIELD.

The Alma had not yet been fought when the great battle of Cyrus West Field's life began. The guns of Sadowa were thundering in the air when it closed. In the twelve years between 1854–1866 the Crimean, the Italian, the Schleswig-Holstein, the Austro-Prussian, and our own war of the rebellion were fought before he succeeded in the laying of the Atlantic cable. It is a parallel that points the renown of the victories of peace, and it measures the stature of the man who has just passed away, because of the victors of those wars, soldiers and statesmen, but two pairs perhaps—Lincoln and Grant, Bismarck and Von Moltke—occupy as large a place in the world's eye as Mr. Field.

Cavour, author of Italian unity as he was, has long since passed out of all but Italian recollection. The very dynasty of Louis Napoleon is as politically extinct as that of the Cæsars. The very name of the English Prime Minister who joined with him in the Russian war is so far forgotten that the present wearer of it only received a "hotel personal" in the columns of the daily papers when he was here a few years ago. But Cyrus Field's name was a household word on two continents up to the day of his death.

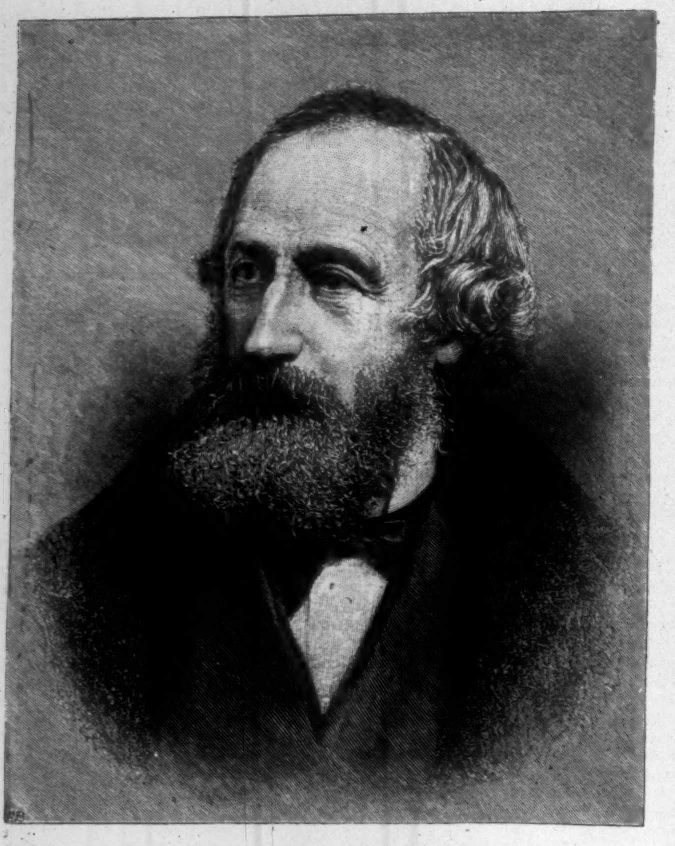
So much for the fame a retired American merchant may win in this age of the ever-narrowing parallels and widening breaches in mind's great siege of matter!

Sans Dieu rien was the motto of Mr. Field's coat of arms. Doubtless it had more significance than most heraldic legends, for the story of his struggle to bit and bridle the thitherto unconquered ocean is one that reveals that highest courage that is only born of faith.

That faith was instilled by a New England divine. Rev. Dr. David Dudley Field—the father of Cyrus, of David Dudley Field the younger, of Justice Stephen J. Field, and of Rev. Henry M. Field—was a Congregationalist pastor in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, where his son Cyrus was born on November 30, 1819. The boy, like many another bright Yankee lad, dreamed of the future which the metropolis must have in store for him, and came to the city and realized his dream. He was able to retire from business on a competence when but thirty-four years of age, and spent most of the year 1853 travelling in South America. Young as he was, the fortune he took out of trade was the second he had made. He married Mary Bryan Stone, a Connecticut girl, when but twenty-one years of age, and the very year of his marriage—1840—saw his ruin in the business he had just started. He made his fortune in the next thirteen years. Quick money-getting that for a man whose original base of operations was a clerkship in A. T. Stewart's store at two dollars a week. It was not in Stewart's either that he made his real start. The great merchant never discovered the genius of his two-dollar clerk. That was reserved for a Connecticut paper-maker named Lee, for whom young Cyrus became a travelling salesman upon leaving his first situation.

It was in 1854 that an English telegraph engineer named Frederic W. Gisborne, who had, though under the patronage of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Newfoundland, Dr. Mullock, lost all his own money and most of that of his friends in the futile enterprise which may be called the germ of the Atlantic cable, came to New York to embark more capital in his venture. His plan was, in brief, to lay an English cable from Liverpool to the west Irish coast, and an American one from New York to St. John's. These were to be connected by a fast line of steamers, thus saving three or four days on transatlantic communication. Mr. Field had the engineer at his house for one evening, and heard his plans throughout. Then he looked at the large globe in his library, and pondered on a greater plan than his visitor had dreamed of.

To think was to act with the man who had made a fortune at an age when the average man is making the beginnings of one. And then came the most remarkable coincidence of the whole history of the Atlantic cable. While Mr. Field was writing to Lieutenant Maury, then at the head of the National Observatory at Washington, to know if an Atlantic cable was a possibility, the Lieutenant was drafting a report to the Secretary of the Navy, in which he described a plateau existing at a depth of from 1500 to 2000 fathoms, and extending from Newfoundland to Ireland, which was so adapted for the working out of the great thought in Mr. Field's mind that he had called it the telegraphic plateau. With Maury's approval as to the topographical features of the plan came Professor Morse's strong affirmative opinion as to its electrical possibilities. The great inventor informed Mr. Field that he advised John C. Spencer, when Secretary of the Treasury in 1843, of the feasibility of sending an under sea-current from hemisphere to hemisphere.



THE LATE CYRUS W. FIELD.

On the 8th of May, 1854, the New York, Newfoundland, and London Telegraph Company was formed in Mr. Field's house in Gramercy Park. Peter Cooper, Marshall O. Roberts, Chandler White, and Moses Taylor joined with the originator of the plan, and subscribed $1,500,000 to the stock. Every cent of that amount and two years of time were spent in laying the cable and land wires to St. John's. But English enterprise and money were by this time interested. Parliament made both grants and concessions. Parliament, in fact, was more ready with aid than Congress, where the plan had for some time a rather cool reception. Still the national government permitted the use of a vessel of war to do the American share of the laying. So the American frigate *Niagara* and the British frigate *Agamemnon* between them lost the first Atlantic cable—that of 1857.

The next year saw what seemed to be success. The cable was laid. Messages were transmitted upon it. Both nations went wild with delight, and the corporation of New York presented Mr. Field with the freedom of the city in a gold box. Then the submarine wire ceased to respond to the current. The cable was lost again, and all but Mr. Field and his devoted friends gave it up as lost for good. Shares of a nominal value of £1000 sold in London for £31 10s.

It was not until 1865 that another effort was made. The *Great Eastern* was secured. In mid-ocean the cable broke as the great ship was paying it out. But from every failure some factor of success had been gleaned. In July of the next year Mr. Field, having made his fifty-first trip across in the fulfilment of his plan, was able to thank God on his knees in the cabin of the *Great Eastern* for the achievement of complete success.

John Bright and Earl Derby vied in their expression of recognition of the debt which the whole world owed to the indomitable American. Congress thanked him by resolution, and New and Old World alike flashed congratulations to each other over the world-wedding wire.

If Mr. Field had rested then from his labors, it would have been at the end of what most men would have called a lifetime work. But eleven years afterwards, when rapid transit by elevated railroads seemed a chimera by reason of the opposition of property-holders, he announced the high belief that "the Court of Appeals would not permanently restrain the growth of a city like New York," and put life into an enterprise from which other men of means stood aloof. The laying of the Atlantic cable would have obscured a greater work perhaps than the building of the elevated road. Yet when we recall the fact that the city had absolutely reached its limit of growth when these roads were built, and also what that growth has since been in the upper end of Manhattan Island, we can realize that Mr. Field would have had a high claim to public gratitude even if the cable had never been laid.

Mr. Field's later years have been clouded by financial misfortunes which illustrate more painfully than any incident since the Grant & Ward failure the inability of the greatest minds to cope with the merely cunning minds of Wall Street. But the world will forget all that. It will only remember the man whom John Bright called "the Columbus of the nineteenth century."

THE FIRE AT ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.—[See Page 703.]

A BATTLE ROYAL.

Love challenged me; so I, proud in my strength
  Of worldly armor, to the battle gave consent.
We were to strive until a year's short length
  Had run—and thus a pleasure new to life was lent.

Love brought his magic arts in play, and I
  On the defensive fought alone; but neither gained.
And so the spring-time of the year passed by,
  While Love still fought undaunted, nor was I enchained.

The summer fled; the leaves burned with frost's flame.
  I still regarded Love and all his arts with scorn,
Until across my path Neæra came;
  Then feared I that the year too quickly would be gone.

I threw my sword aside, took on Love's chain,
  And sought to win her at whatever cost
Of worldly pride; and now my only pain
  Is this: What would life have been worth if Love had lost?

FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

A PROBLEM IN LIVING.

BY JNO. GILMER SPEED.

THEORETICALLY there are no classes in America. We are all plain citizens, standing upon a common level. But this is only theoretical, for even the courts of law recognize distinctions as to methods of living. When alimony is granted to a wife, or an allowance made for the support of orphans, the judges very carefully consider before fixing the proper amounts the classes to which the beneficiaries belong. The differences between the classes as to methods of living are tolerably well defined. Maybe it would be better if they were more so, for in such case it is possible that we would all of us be content to continue to dwell in that condition of life to which Providence has assigned us. But even in democratic America each neighborhood is divided into separate classes. "What kind of people are those who have just moved across the street?" was asked of a housewife in an ambitious Western city. "Oh, they must be swells," she replied; "they have lots of carriage company." This recalls the reply of the Yorkshireman who said on the witness stand that a certain man was a gentleman, and when he was asked what he meant by a gentleman, said, "A man who rides in a gig." This reply so much diverted that cynical philosopher Carlyle that he at once manufactured the expressive word "gigmanity." The "gigmanity" of the country villages are those who keep servants. When two servants are kept and they are called such, and not sugar-coated with the appellation of girls or help, then the people rise out of the "gigmanity" class and become real aristocrats. If they also keep a man-servant in addition to two or more women, then, by common consent, they are elevated one degree higher and are called "swells." This may be very amusing to two classes of people, namely, to the "swells," who have ample means to maintain their position, and to those below the "gigmanity" degree. Neither of these need bother about anything. One has all-compelling wealth; the other has not been so educated that what primarily were luxuries have become necessities.

A woman not trained in domestic employments and unaccustomed to the drudgery of doing her own work not only cannot do it, but cannot learn to do it, unless she have exceptional physical strength and also a remarkable knack for acquiring the dexterity that makes such work easy. In a recent article in the WEEKLY the difficulties experienced by those living in the country were pointed out in the matter of getting and keeping competent servants. These are grievous and hard to bear, but the same class of people who live in crowded cities, though somewhat relieved in this regard, have another burden that bears even more hardly. I allude to the difficulty of getting a proper dwelling-place for a moderate rent. In no city is this difficulty so serious as in New York. Compared with the metropolis, rents for houses and apartments in other cities are very reasonable. In New York they are simply prodigious, and the accommodations that can be hired by a man of the "gigmanity" order, but with only a moderate income, are so inadequate that I verily believe that he who earns a salary of $2500 or $3000 a year, and who must live up to his position, is poorer than the mechanic who makes from $900 to $1100 a year.

It is true that very frequently a man with $2500 a year can live out of New York, and house himself tolerably well in some of the suburbs. As often as not, such men don't want to live away from New York, and very frequently also it is impossible for a man to fill his business engagements and still live out of town. Now let us see what a man with a salary of $2500 a year has to do with it, and what he can get for it. The man we are considering is, of course, a man of family. We need not worry about a bachelor with so large an income. He can not only live on it, but he can live pretty well, and belong to a club if he is careful. But our $2500 man, let us suppose, is married, and has three children. I do not give him more, as, I believe, large families have gone out of fashion. It has been conceded pretty generally by economists that a family man is not justified in paying a larger sum for the rent of the house that shelters him than twenty per cent. of his income. Twenty per cent. of $2500 is $500. For that, what can a man get in New York? A house is entirely out of the question, and the only possible chance for him is an apartment or flat. If any one will look in the newspaper advertising columns, it will be seen that there are no end of apartments offered at prices below this. But are these possible places in which a man of this class can live with his family? In order to be able to answer this question, I have trudged nearly all over the island of Manhattan, and I have examined scores of these apartment-houses. As a rule, I did not need to go inside. A glance at the exterior and a note of the frowsy women who leaned out of the windows, with their front hair in curl papers, were all that was necessary. Others, however, looked quite imposing from the street, and such as these I would visit. As a rule, the money that was spent in making the outside look attractive was saved in the interior finishings and the flimsy partitions that separated apartment from apartment and room from room. To be in any part of the house was to be all over it. What you could not see, you could hear, and the invisible and inaudible were plainly to be smelled. In the houses I allude to, the flats rented at from $35 to $50 a month. Some of them were single 25-foot houses converted into apartments—one apartment to a floor. These were the most promising, and in many instances they might have been arranged so that the occupants would have found both comfort and privacy in them. But I could find none at such a price, as in every instance the only chance for light had been sacrificed for the sake of one more room. Others of the houses where the apartments were at the rates mentioned seemed to be on wider lots so that there would be two flats on each floor. These were even more impossible, for with the exception of the room in front, usually the parlor, and the room behind, generally the kitchen, in the other rooms it was even at midday, either waning twilight or starless midnight. In such rooms a man with any regard for the health of his children, not to mention that of himself and wife, would hesitate long before housing himself. If he does decide to do so, he will always be dissatisfied, and if he appear otherwise, he is simply imposing on himself and his friends.

Suppose then he takes a flat at $500. One servant will cost, at $16 per month, $192; the wear and tear on furniture, bed, and table-linen, and kitchen and dining-room things, $60; fuel, $50; lights, $36; butcher, baker, and grocer, $900; car fares, $50; wife's clothing, $200; children's clothing, $210; man's clothing, $150; man's luncheon downtown, $100. This makes a total of $2448, and leaves the man with a margin of $52 for savings, for pocket-money, insurance premiums, and for his outing when his vacation-time arrives. To be sure, he might save a little in each one of the items enumerated, but if he did so, he would be putting himself outside the class to which he belongs. His own position in the business world requires that he should be well dressed and appear like a gentleman. His own tastes would also naturally incline that way. He being well clad, his wife and children must be so as well. I have put down nothing for schools, because the children can go to the public schools. There is no leeway for books, magazines, or newspapers; nothing for theatre tickets and concerts. And yet people of the class of which I am writing are naturally fond of amusements, and literature is a necessity to them. They will manage to have some of these, probably. They will skimp on their food; the goodwife will have her gowns turned and made over new, and the husband will find that his winter overcoat and business suit that he laid by in the spring have lost some of their shininess, and will last another season. And so they worry through, barely making the two ends meet, and laying by nothing for the evil days of ill health, old age, or business reverse.

The number of men who receive $2500 a year is, in the aggregate, tolerably large, but it is very small when compared with all those who receive salaries for clerical work in offices and counting-rooms, and as salesmen in wholesale and retail stores. The class embraces the higher clerks in the great New York banks, and it leaves out all the salesmen in the retail shops. In the banks, leaving out presidents and cashiers, there are very few men who receive such high pay. Some tellers get this much and more, but as a rule it is less. Now this business, despite the ancient prejudice against it as unclean, is looked upon as the most genteel of all modern mercantile pursuits. And yet the men employed in it receive very little more in salary than mechanics earn in wages. Those below the $2000 mark must, I fancy, be content to live as mechanics live. If they can do this and be content, they are certainly very much better off than the $2500 man, who must struggle to hold his head up to the level of him who rides in a gig. The majority of lawyers and doctors and clergymen and engineers and artists and writers in New York that are generally regarded as having achieved some success make somewhere near to this $2500 mark, and to them such struggles are most familiar.

The apartments that can be secured for $600 or less a year are naturally not very centrally located. More of them are to be found in that part of the city north of Central Park. This embraces Harlem, which has become almost crowded with apartment-houses. To live so far uptown is almost equivalent to living out-of-town, and if it were not for the vexatious ferry trips over the rivers, Harlem would be quite as far as many of the suburban towns in New Jersey. It is scarcely probable that the $2500 class will get smaller. Instead it will grow larger with the growth of the city. The impossibility of such people living in New York with entire comfort is likely to become more and more apparent. When, however, the island of Manhattan is united to Long Island and to New Jersey by bridges and tunnels there will soon be some relief, for many of those now living in New York will move out, and then perhaps rents will take a tumble. Meantime the $2500 men will struggle on with an appearance of prosperity that is far from real.

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IF you have any regard for your physical welfare, have mercy on your bowels, cease deluging them with drenching purgatives and relax them without pain with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Subdue with it, too, malarial and liver complaints, kidney and rheumatic ailments, dyspepsia and nervousness.—[Adv.]

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has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[Adv.]

THE NAME BUT NOT THE BRAIN.

"NAPOLEON I." says Mr. Gladstone, "had the greatest brain that was ever put inside of a human skull." No doubt, but not all the men who have been named after him have succeeded to his genius.

To copy a name or a fashion is easy; to create the name or the fashion is hard. For example take the numerous so-called extracts of beef we see or hear of; only one holds its place and grows in favor—namely, the original Liebig Company's Extract of Beef. The sales of this admirable food product for the past year show, as we should expect, a notable increase. Cheap competition has not impaired the popularity of the Liebig Company's preparation because the public does not believe in things which are manifestly made to sell on the reputation of others—little boys that "cut behind" in business.

Next, people have learned that the Liebig Company's Extract is chiefly meant for daily use in the kitchen, not for the sick room only. It is the leader among the partially digested foods because it does just enough for the stomach—not too much. It is prepared from the best parts of cattle bred on purpose, not from what is left after the best has been otherwise disposed of. The manufacture of the Liebig Company's Extract of Beef is a business, not an appendix to a business. But the nominal Napoleons are fussy and persistent. Therefore let the buyer ask questions and examine trade-mark and label.—[Adv.]

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Is one of the chief blessings of every home. To always insure good custards, puddings, sauces, etc., use Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Directions on the label. Sold by your grocer and druggist.—[Adv.]

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When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
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[Adv.]

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"The Great Pain Reliever," for internal and external use; cures cramps, colic, colds; all pain. 25c.—[Adv.]

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Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25c.—[Adv.]

USE ANGOSTURA BITTERS to stimulate the appetite and keep the digestive organs in order.—[Adv.]

BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS are invariably acknowledged the purest and the best.—[Adv.]

THE Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[Adv.]

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N. Y Times, Mar. 10, '92.

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BICYCLE TO BOYS AND GIRLS UNDER 18 YEARS OF AGE ON EASY CONDITIONS WITHOUT ONE CENT OF MONEY. FREE Western Pearl Co., 334 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

THE CHOLERA IN RUSSIA.

BY JNO. GILMER SPEED.

SEVERAL weeks ago there came reports from Baku, the most southwestern province of Asiatic Russia, that there was an outbreak of malignant cholera in that district and all along the Russian side of the Caspian Sea. From the Caspian Sea to the Baltic, along the lines of travel in that direction, the distance is about sixteen hundred miles, and the Caucasus Mountains intervene. With good and vigilant quarantine precautions the advance of the epidemic over that route might have been prevented, but its progress towards European Russia has been rapid during the past few weeks, and it has also spread further east into Persia. But there is another route by which the cholera may be taken from Asia to Europe, and that is by the railway from the Caspian to the Black Sea and across to the European ports. This is the way that the cholera invaded Europe in 1885, when it raged in Italy and the south of France. Having full and early information as to the prevalence of the epidemic in the provinces about the Caspian Sea, it will be criminal neglect if all vessels coming from eastern ports of the Black Sea are not strictly quarantined against in all western ports.

The fact that the visit of cholera to Europe in 1885 was checked in one season, and not permitted to spread over a very extended area, gives hope that this visitation even in Russia may be checked promptly. So far as Russia is concerned, however, there is not much to hope for. The bad sanitary conditions under which the people live are notorious, and nothing does more to encourage the spread of an epidemic of this sort than filthy surroundings and careless methods of living. The Russian peasant is probably the dirtiest of mortals. The scarcity of food in Russia has naturally left the people in poor condition, and they have scant stores of vitality to draw upon in a time of pestilence. The absolute authority of the Czar in his own dominions might be put to good account now in stopping the Western march of this dread invader.

But even should cholera spread throughout Russia, there is no reason that the more civilized countries of western Europe could not successfully quarantine against it. Sanitarians have devised methods of disinfection which will kill the germs by which the disease is spread. This was proved in 1885, when a good many cases were brought to the port of New York, but the disease never got lodgment ashore, as the health officers stopped all cases, and held all passengers on possibly infected vessels until all danger from them was past.

Not only have the methods of checking the spread of cholera been much improved, but the treatment of the disease itself appears to be more effective than it was, say, in 1848–9, when there were 55,181 deaths from cholera in England, and 28,900 from diarrhœa. At that time quite one-half of the cases were fatal, and death ensued in from one to forty-eight hours after the attack began. Careful living, an avoidance of unripe or stale fruits and vegetables, enable many persons to escape the disease even when it is raging at its hottest.

Professor Pettenkofer, of Munich, is the great cholera authority among medical men, and his theories as to the propagation of cholera by water are generally accepted by the profession. The observations of Dr. Snow, Dr. Frankland, and Mr. Simon in certain epidemics of cholera in London have conclusively connected outbreaks of the disease in various districts with the use of drinking-water contaminated with the discharges from cholera patients. All investigations appear clearly to show that the prime factor, and that without which no other conditions can take effect, is the introduction into the locality of the specific infecting matter, this being accomplished in general by the arrival of infected persons. That cholera might be carried by the agency of winds from one country to another is held as a possibility, though there is no satisfactory evidence on this point. The general theory accepted is that the germs get into the water, and thus are taken into the system. Pettenkofer holds that the disease has been generally found to prevail more extensively and with greater violence in low-lying districts than in elevated situations. He also maintains that the character of the soil has a close relation to the spread of the disease, and that shallow, porous soils afford special facilities for the reception and distribution of the cholera germs through the ground water of the locality.

It was in 1817 that the attention of European medical men was first called to malignant cholera. Simple cholera was known as an epidemic in Europe in the seventeenth century, and an admirable account of it was given by Sydenham in describing an epidemic in London, 1669–72. But the Asiatic cholera was first reported by European medical men in Bengal in 1817. It then spread all over British India, invading China on the east and Persia on the west. In 1823 it had invaded Asia Minor and Russia in Asia. In 1830 it again appeared in Persia, and then in the same Russian provinces in which it now is, along the Caspian Sea, and then went westward, despite quarantine regulations, over Europe, reaching London in 1832. For five years cholera continued to break out in Europe, and then it disappeared. In 1841 another great epidemic appeared in India and China. In 1847 it reached Europe and raged with great virulence, and spread also to North and South America. The mortality during this epidemic was very great. A third outbreak occurred in 1850–3, and spread over Europe. It was milder in form than the previous one, but fell with great severity upon the armies engaged in the Crimean war. This epidemic was specially severe in both North and South America. A fourth epidemic came in 1865–6, and pursued about the same course as the previous one. Then came that one of 1885, of which mention has been made.

It used to be held that fear had a great influence in predisposing to attacks of cholera. This view is now generally discredited. The duty of preventing, if possible, the entry of cholera into the United States devolves upon the authorities of the various States. With these the National Board of Health co-operates, and the United States consuls keep the State Department informed of the prevalence of the disease abroad, and of the clearance of any vessel from an infected district for an American port. Much the greater amount of foreign shipping comes to the port of New York. It is fortunate that there are good facilities here for a rigid quarantine, and that also the authorities have had a comparatively recent successful experience in preventing the disease from getting lodgment beyond the lines of the quarantine.

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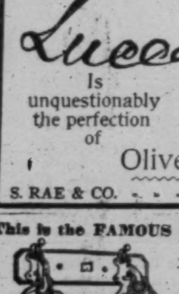

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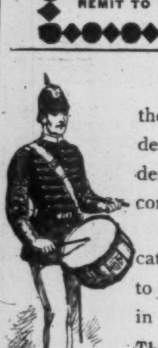

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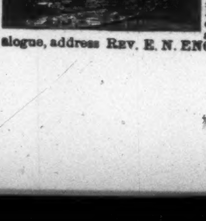

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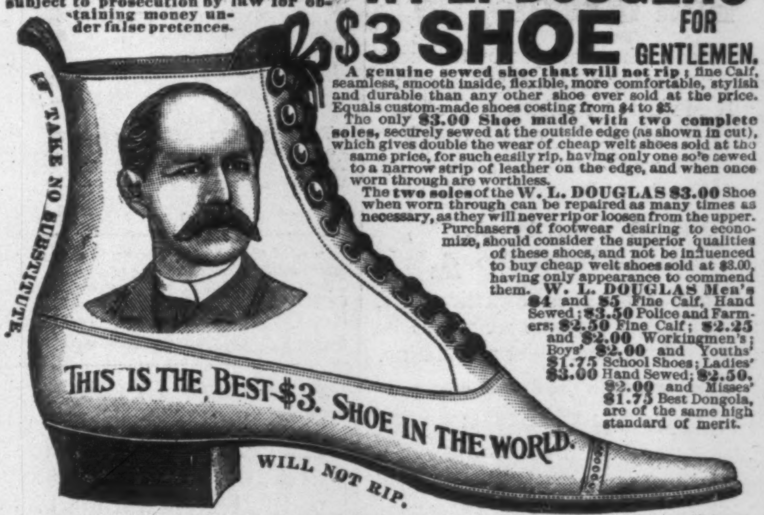

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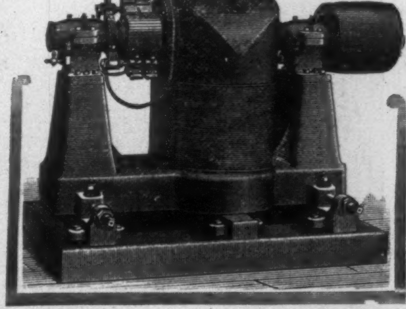

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